SOME MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS

BY

RICHARD HOFFMAN

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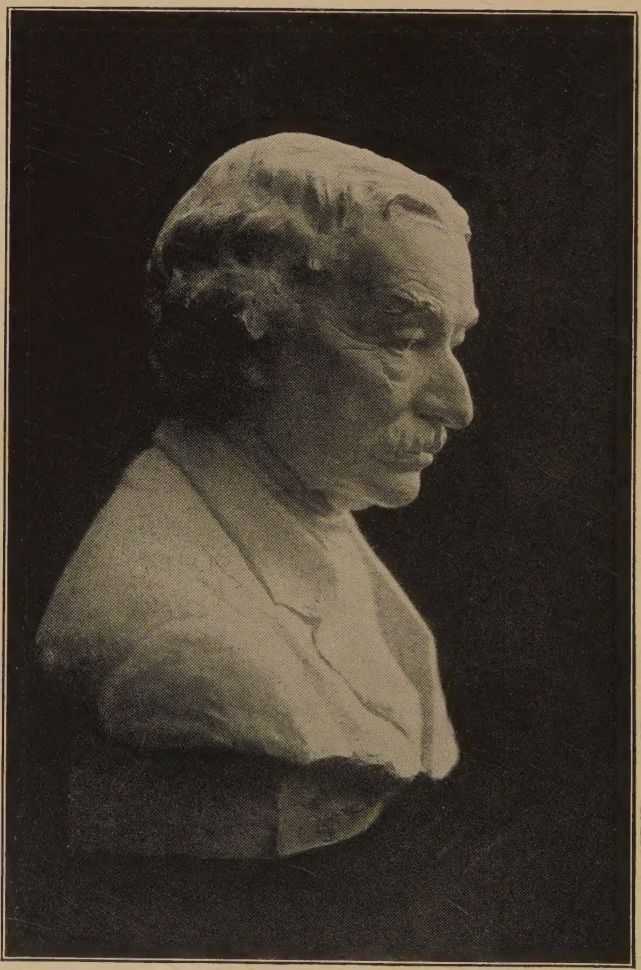

Richard Hoffman at 78
From a bust by his daughter Malvina

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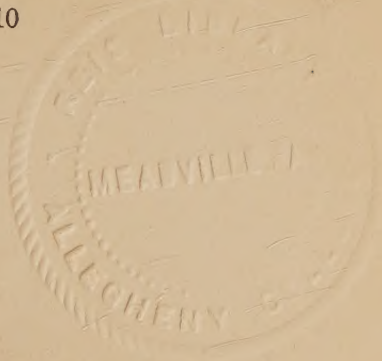
SOME MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS

BY

RICHARD HOFFMAN

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
BY HIS WIFE

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1910



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Published April, 1910

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From a bust by his daughter Malvina

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RICHARD HOFFMAN

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By His Wife

RICHARD HOFFMAN was born in Manchester, England, May 24, 1831. May 24th was also the birthday of Queen Victoria, and always on that day for as long as I can remember, he sat down to the piano after breakfast and played "God Save the Queen," and hung a small English flag over the mantelpiece. He never became an American citizen; his love for his native land and the obligation of forswearing allegiance to the beloved Queen always held him back. He was, however, in every sense loyal to his adopted country and was fortunately spared the trying test of choosing between them at any vital moment.

His father was a musician and insisted that all his children, nine in number, should be educated to the profession of music. In the case of three of them it was successful, but for the other six it proved a waste of time.

Richard Hoffman

Richard was brought before the public at the age of six when he played on three different instruments, violin, piano, and concertina. His father in doing this was only imitating his own experience. At the same age he had been playing theatrical parts in the provinces, and in his autobiography gives an amusing account of his different impersonations. "I played pantomine," he writes, "in Lord Douglas' Dream, in 'Chevy Chase,' representing the attack on the castle and the lady love being forcibly carried away. I well remember the carrying away business, as the lady (aged six years) and myself almost always came to grief before we could clear off the stage, my bodily strength failing and ending in a downfall of both parties. I also played 'The Blind Boy' in the Theatre Royal in Liverpool and Manchester."

As he grew older he gave up the stage and adopted music as his profession. He became a well-known musician both as organist and pianist, besides playing a first violin in the Gentlemen's Concerts in Manchester. When he was seventy-five I heard him play all the scales on the piano with remarkable velocity, and with a wine

glass full of water on the back of one hand, never spilling a drop nor moving the glass.

Richard's school-days were cut short at the age of sixteen when he was sent to this country to the care of an uncle, but where he soon began an independent career, relying entirely upon his own efforts for support.

His mother, a sweet and gentle creature, was the daughter of a Lieutenant Harries of the Navy. Her brother-in-law had a position in the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, and Richard's greatest delight was to take his vacations with this uncle. Thus at an early age he became familiar with the war vessels stationed there and much of the routine of the Royal Navy; one of his uncles was also an officer on the ship that conveyed Napoleon to St. Helena.

His studies at school were always secondary to his musical work, but his love of reading in his maturer years endowed him with a general knowledge of men and things which was at all times thorough and far-reaching. His memory was most remarkable; in music, almost phenomenal. In his last years he could still play nearly everything he had ever learned, and he was

unusually accurate in recalling events of the past or anything that he had ever read with attention. An older sister—Helen—afterward Mrs. Onslow Lewis, was one of the most promising singers of her day. (I use the word promising as her career was cut short of its fulfilment by her marriage with Capt. Onslow Lewis, and his prejudice against his wife's being on the stage obliged her to relinquish a career where undoubtedly she would have become famous.) It had even been arranged by Barnum that she should accompany Jenny Lind to America and appear with her in oratorio. A few days before sailing a concert was given in Manchester by the company, where Helen sang the contralto part in an oratorio selection; the audience was so insistent in its applause that Mademoiselle Lind was obliged to sit down, after rising to begin her own part, and allow the young contralto to repeat her number. A few days after this, or perhaps the next day, the engagement for America (which had been made with her father, she being under age) was cancelled and the position of pianist for the company was given to her brother Richard, then in New York.

The engagement gave an immediate impetus to his musical career, and although all the performers at these concerts received very little attention, so great was the eagerness of the people to hear Jenny Lind and by means of repeated encores to keep her on the stage as much as possible, it still served to bring the youthful musician before the best audiences in the country and to give to him a prominence and musical prestige that long years of legitimate work might never have accomplished. At the first concert Richard played a duet on two pianos with Benedict (afterward Sir Julius) which he says was much applauded, but more, he thought, for its termination than for its merits. Had they essayed an encore in response, he felt sure a mob or a lynching would have followed. Castle Garden was actually besieged by water in the rear, for the river was filled with boats that were crowded with the worst possible characters who, it was rumored, intended to effect an entrance to the hall from the side giving on the river. The police had been stationed there to repel any assault, but in spite of this some of them succeeded in landing, and only the vigilant efforts of the

force kept them from carrying out a scheme which undoubtedly would have created a disastrous panic.

Richard's grandfather had been an actor and played in London many familiar character parts, one being especially popular with the people, called "The Coronation," where he represented George IV with such accuracy and wonderful personal resemblance that it would have been difficult to tell them apart had they found themselves in the same place at the same time. He met with great opposition from his family for going on the stage, and for this reason changed his name from Hoffman to Andrews and called his children by the same name, with the result that Richard's father was known as Hoffman-Andrews. The uncle to whom he was sent in America had become an actor and was at one time manager of the old Boston Theatre; he was always known as George Andrews. When Richard came here he dropped the hyphenated name of Hoffman-Andrews and called himself Richard Hoffman pure and simple, the only name to which he was entitled from his ancestors and which was far better suited to his career as a musician.

His uncle's profession brought him in contact with many of the best actors of that time and, thanks to the complimentary "pass," Richard had probably seen all the best plays given in this city before he was twenty years of age. His first friend in New York was Joseph Burke, who was best known in his childhood as "Master Burke, the Boy Phenomenon." He had been for several years on the stage playing Shakespearian historical and character rôles to crowded audiences, but as he grew older he became disgusted with theatrical life and devoted himself to the study of the violin, which he played with skill and taste. So great a friendship grew up between them that they lived together for nearly twenty years. Burke was engaged for the Lind concerts in this country and became a great favorite with the songstress, who at the end of the engagement presented him with a beautiful violin which he named "Jenny Lind" and which he treasured with pride to the day of his death. If ever any one asked his opinion of a soprano singer after that he used to answer, "Well, I once knew a lady and her name was Jane Lind and she used to sing to me very often;

since then I have never really listened to any one else, so my opinion of others would be biased and worthless."

Richard Hoffman made many other warm friends in these early years among some of the most influential people of New York, taught in their families, and was received as a welcome guest in their homes. His first concert in this city could hardly have been given without their material assistance. The Ogden Haggertys, then living in Warren Street, were especially kind, and Mr. Arthur Jones, Mr. Haggerty's partner in business, treated him as one of the family. In his early manhood Richard became engaged to Mr. Jones's only daughter, who perished, alas! from a rapid consumption before their marriage. Other early friends were the old Sedgwick family of Lenox. Miss Elizabeth Sedgwick had married Frederick Rackemann, his particular friend, a fine musician, who for some time had been established in New York as a teacher. He has often spoken of delightful visits made at their famous homestead, where so many artists of all professions and choice literary spirits gathered in delightful symposiums. There he met

Frederic Rackemann

Fanny Kemble, the actress, who was a guest in the house, and enjoyed the great privilege of hearing her read and recite while he and Mr. Rackemann furnished interludes of music. In this simple and informal fashion it was his good fortune to meet some of the most interesting people of that time. I should modify the word informal, however, where Mrs. Kemble was concerned, for she was always stately and imposing, and her manner suggested much of the tragedy queen.

In 1870, after we were married, we went to Lenox together to revisit some of these friends. We stayed in the old Sedgwick house with the Rackemann family, and while there had been many changes in its brilliant circle of habitués, one still felt the influence that survives the material presence of those who have passed on. The Ogden Haggerty family, whom I met there for the first time, and who had been so kind to my husband in his youth, were living near the Rackemanns, and much of the interest of their household was centred about their invalid daughter, Mrs. Shaw, the widow of Colonel Shaw, that hero of our Civil War whose bravery has placed him high

on the honor roll of history and to whom Boston has given a monument by our great Saint-Gaudens, "lest" those who come after might "forget."

I recall a delightful dinner at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed (Mrs. Bristed had been a Sedgwick) where there was much brilliant conversation; a day at the Lebanon Shaker Community and a drive through beautiful woods, pink with flowering laurel, leaving on our minds an indelible impression of beauty and the recognition of that simple yet full and intelligent life that could only be fostered and maintained in such a place as Lenox was at that time.

Among Richard's other early friends and pupils was the Doremus family, remaining staunch and true throughout his life.[1] The Doctor gave him the name of the "Beloved," and ever afterward so addressed him no matter where they met. I remember at the reception he gave to Mlle. Nilsson in 1871—he was then President of the Philharmonic Society—we

[1] Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, Professor of Chemistry, New York Free Academy.

Mrs. Kemble

Taken from life

From the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell

were entering the room when the Doctor, who stood near the door with his beautiful wife, called out: "Oh, here comes the Beloved with his bride!" presenting us at once to Mlle. Nilsson, M. Vieuxtemps, and other members of the company. A number of journalists and distinguished persons were present, and I often recall it as one of the most interesting occasions I ever enjoyed.

Richard Hoffman first played for the New York Philharmonic when he was seventeen years old. The society had then been established for about six years. He selected the Mendelssohn G Minor Concerto, then quite new to the public, and played so well that he was proposed as an honorary member. The committee, however, refused their consent on the ground that they could not admit "boys" to this honor. A few years later, when he was twenty-two, after playing one of the Chopin Concertos, he was again proposed and this time unanimously elected. After this he continued to play for them almost every season and always gratuitously. He often received the most complimentary letters from the president and committee, and the

following came to him after playing the Beethoven C Minor Concerto in 1878:

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Philharmonic Society of New York, held at the Academy of Music March 15th, 1878, it was unanimously resolved that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Richard Hoffman for the prompt manner with which he has always volunteered his valuable services whenever invited to assist at any of these performances, and the Society furthermore desire to express to him their high appreciation of the fidelity and artistic elegance and expression with which he interpreted the "Beethoven C Minor Concerto" at their recent Rehearsal and Concert.

It was also resolved that the foregoing resolutions be published in the various public journals of the city.

By order of the Society.

(Signed) E. H. SCHERMERHORN,
President.

He was at one time invited to become president of the society but declined, though deeply sensible of the honor conferred. To have accepted would have entailed many duties for which he could not spare the time, and a business management for which he felt himself unfitted.

In addition to this he was of a most retiring disposition and always tried to avoid notoriety. At the sixtieth anniversary of the society Dr. Doremus made a speech at the concert during the intermission, referring to the troubles and dissensions that had perplexed the government of the organization in 1867, and stating the conditions he had made before consenting to become president at that time. The first of these was, that the orchestra should be doubled or never less than a hundred men; the second, that only the best soloists should be engaged, with liberal compensation; the third, that the concerts should be held in the finest building in New York (then the Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street), and lastly, that extensive advertising and publishing in the daily papers should be constantly carried on. His terms were accepted and he became president from 1867 to 1870. He stated that he had felt he would be criticised for his audacity in accepting the position, being but an amateur, but that his "beloved" friend Hoffman had told him that the society needed some one to stand between it and the public and that he (Doremus) was the one to do

it. He had a most successful administration and left the society in the enjoyment of a most substantial prosperity.

In February, 1885, Richard Hoffman played at one of the concerts the Mozart D Minor Concerto and so far surpassed himself in the "Romanza" that the effect on the audience was quite remarkable. Its pathos and beautiful melody hushed the auditorium of the old Fourteenth Street Academy to the silence which withholds immediate applause, but when the concerto was entirely finished it gave without stint. The cadenzas for this concerto were written by Hummel, but on this occasion he improvised his own, which at that time was considered rather a bold stroke; but I remember his saying that he thought it a good time to have a little fun and give the musicians a surprise. They took it well, however, and published the following notice in the daily paper:

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY THANKS RICHARD HOFFMAN

NEW YORK, *February* 18th, 1885.

RICHARD HOFFMAN, ESQ.

Dear Sir: It affords me great pleasure to communicate to you the heartfelt thanks of the members

of the Philharmonic Society for your valuable assistance at their last concert.

Your excellent interpretation of the Concerto by Mozart was thoroughly appreciated, and will long be remembered by the members of the society, who on this occasion felt especially proud to have your name on the list of their honorary members. I remain, yours truly,

(Signed) Aug. Roebbelen, *Sec'y.*

The last time he played for them was in 1892, on the occasion of their fiftieth anniversary, when they repeated the programme of their first concert. They invited Mr. Hoffman to play the Hummel quintet, which had been given fifty years before. In referring to the programme of this concert I find that the society omitted to print on it the names of the performers at their first concert, which would have been of great additional interest to the public. Mr. Krehbiel's History of the Philharmonic Society supplies this deficiency. William Scharfenberg played the piano part in Hummel's D Minor Quintet, and the soloists were Madame Otto and Mr. C. E. Horn. The C Minor Symphony of Beethoven was conducted by U. C. Hill, and the orchestra during vocal selections was conducted by H. C. Timm.

Richard Hoffman

Richard Hoffman was all his life a loyal supporter of this society and felt it had been the foundation of all good music in this country. That they realized this the following letter shows:

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
FOUNDED A. D. 1842

NEW YORK, *April* 27, 1892.

RICHARD HOFFMAN, ESQ.

Dear Sir: The members of the Philharmonic Society desire to express their sincere thanks for your generous act of playing gratuitously on the occasion of the first of the concerts given in celebration of the Society's fiftieth anniversary on April 21st.

Your efforts have contributed materially to the success of the evening and the conscientious and most artistic rendition of Hummel's Quintet was highly appreciated by the public as well as the musicians, who upon this occasion feel particularly indebted to an artist, who, in the course of time, has contributed so much to further the objects of the Philharmonic Society.

I have the honor to remain,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) AUG. ROEBBELEN, *Secretary.*

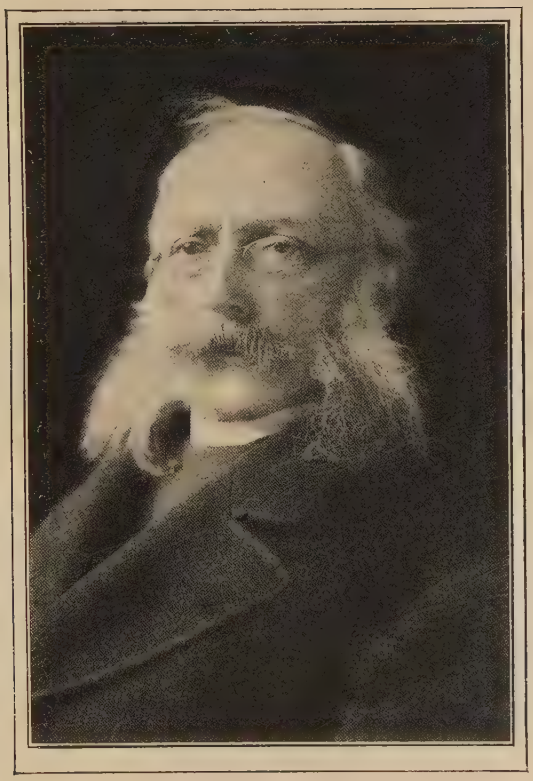
He had been a warm friend of one of the earlier presidents, Mr. William Scharfen-

berg, and of Mr. Henry C. Timm who preceded him, and the sort of apostolic succession which had so long obtained met with his entire approval. It was with a real pang that he heard of the changing of the old order. The reorganization of the society in 1909, with a management not entirely composed of musicians, was a proposition difficult for him to accept. I think, however, he finally realized that the passing of many of the old members rendered it impossible to keep up the traditions of the past. New recruits could not be expected to feel the same pride and responsibility in the organization, and, if it was to survive, the present plan promised the best outlook for its continuance. He was a familiar figure at all the concerts, never missing one that his health permitted him to attend. Nothing was allowed to interfere with this pleasure and through fair weather and storm he always occupied the seats which, as an honorary member, he received every season from the society.

After the termination of the Jenny Lind engagement in 1852, which played so large

a part in starting his musical career, Richard Hoffman began his work as a teacher in good earnest, and very soon secured an excellent clientele, giving as many as eight or ten lessons a day. This in connection with numerous miscellaneous concerts and all the practising that these involved, kept him closely occupied for at least eight or nine months of the year. As soon as his income permitted, he went to England and sometimes to the continent during the summer, but he never tried to obtain any public engagements at these times. He went chiefly to see his family and old friends, and most particularly Giulio Regondi, of whom he gives some account in his "Recollections."

During the Civil War in this country he organized with Mr. William Scharfenberg and others, on a musical committee, a series of concerts for the Sanitary Fair. These were most successful and brought in good returns for the benefit of our wounded soldiers. Some of his best pupils appeared with him on these occasions, in duets for two pianos and quartettes for eight hands. During these years he also was organist at St. John's Chapel in Varick Street. He



William Scharfenberg

had an excellent knowledge of the organ but could not give much time to it without neglecting the piano or without showing its influence upon his touch. He gave it up entirely when he felt he could afford to do so.

He had great facility for reading at sight, and was frequently asked in emergencies to act as substitute for pianists who were suddenly prevented from keeping their engagements. One evening about seven o'clock he was sent for to play in a trio which was to be given at a concert that night at eight o'clock. The pianist had been taken ill and begged him by messenger to take his place. He had not studied the composition but he consented to help out the situation and appeared at the hall in an hour, where the trio was given without rehearsal and without contretemps of any kind. Upon another occasion he did the same thing for Gottschalk, playing the Carl Eckert trio at sight and at a moment's notice. Many fine pianists have not this power, and I have often heard them speak with envy of his quite remarkable gift. A very few of his pupils possessed in an unusual degree this same power. One in particular, who received

all her musical instruction from him, met on one occasion Anton Rubinstein, who had been told of her great musical talent. He invited her to read at sight a manuscript composition of considerable difficulty. She acquitted herself so well and with so much ease and facility that Rubinstein told her it could not have been better done.

At another time he came to the rescue of Miss Adelaide Phillipps who was the vocal soloist at one of the Philharmonic concerts of Brooklyn.[1] She was to sing "Oh Rest in the Lord," and there had been no rehearsal. The audience was awaiting her appearance, but when the music was handed to her she saw to her dismay that it had been altered from the contralto setting, in which it was originally written, to a soprano pitch, and consequently quite out of the range of her voice. She explained to the conductor but he said there were no other scores for the orchestra and to transpose it at sight seemed hazardous. At this juncture Mr. Hoffman came forward and offered to accompany her on the

[1] From Adelaide Phillipps, "A Record," by Mrs. R. C. Waterston.

piano in the key in which it was originally written by Mendelssohn. This he did successfully, Miss Phillipps sang delightfully, and the audience was saved a disappointment.

In the early seventies concerts of miscellaneous composers and performers were falling off. Recitals and chamber music began to be more appreciated. Theodore Thomas, William Mason, Carl Bergmann, Mosenthal, and Matzka had for some years been the only good exponents of this class of music, and later the Philharmonic Club, formed of men belonging to this society, with Richard Arnold as first violin, giving their concerts at Chickering Hall, on Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street. Before this the Chickerings had occupied a large private house on Fourteenth Street, where they had a charming little hall at the back; but this soon became too small for their increasing business. At this hall Mr. Hoffman had for three seasons given a series of subscription recitals, occasionally introducing a singer to give variety to the programmes. Antoinette Sterling sang for him and Mr. Burke sometimes assisted with his violin. Fred. Bergner, the good old

'cellist who was for so many years a member of the Philharmonic Society, often made one in a trio. These evenings were attended by so many people who knew each other well that they became very friendly and social reunions. The encores were often "requests" and the concerts too informal to enter the lists for public criticism, but I remember how pleasant and delightful they were and with what sincere regret they were relinquished when the Chickerings moved to their larger quarters on Fifth Avenue, with a concert hall much too large for these entertainments. His taste for chamber music, which had been held more or less in the background from the need of audiences to patronize such programmes, was constantly receiving an impetus from his friend Regondi in London. The suggestions in the accompanying letter, which is dated 1868, were not materialized until ten years later, when with the aid of pupils and friends Trio clubs were formed to meet at private houses. Only the best music was given, and such good and well-known players as Gustav Dannreuther, Schenck, Hartdegen, Schultz, and others played the violin and 'cello parts.

Richard Hoffman

December 13th 1868,
17 Portsea Place,
Connaught Sqre,
London, W.

My dear Richard:

It is most kind of you to have written, and it gave me great pleasure to learn how fully occupied you are, but I do hope your friends and pupils will not allow you to give up playing entirely in Public. Chopin felt a great horror of it, but still played at a *few* Concerts now & then & on Sundays at his own residence to a select circle of friends, you might fol ow this plan & thus preserve a motive for keeping your playing without having to lower your talent to the vulgar level of large and mixed audiences. Your talent is of too pure & classical an order to be neglected or entirely hidden, for it is only by such playing as yours that a correct estimate of what Piano Forte playing ought to be, can be maintained in New York. I think you ought to form a Quartett party with other artistes & give every winter a series of Chamber classical Concerts (say only 4) in a moderately sized Room & only by subscription & each member share alike expenses & profits. Such an enterprise might become eventually the nucleus of a most fashionable and aristocratic union like Ella's here.

Did you not compose any new pieces during your stay at Manchester? I want you very much to play Schubert's Piano music, as I think it *especially* suited to the exquisite delicacy & refinement of your style & it is such fresh, original & truly inspired music, you would easily learn it & enjoy playing.

I am sorry that Grant is a poor speaker, for a President of a Republic ought to be a great orator as well as a great General & statesman. Nevertheless I hope for a better state of things with him. I wish you many happy returns of the season & hope you will write to me again when in summer you are resting from your hard work.

Believe me ever

Yours very sincerely,

GIULIO REGONDI.

Another series of afternoons with the different composers, one at each, proved very interesting, and at the houses of pupils and friends he gave all the Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. These were repeated for several seasons, with Adolph Brodsky, Maud Powell, Richard Arnold, and the last time with Samuel Grimson, a talented young English violinist, who possesses in a marked degree the ability to

interpret this style of music. The trios were repeated in Brooklyn, where there are many amateurs of good taste and musical culture, and where he had a large number of pupils. He studied for these concerted programmes with the same diligence and interest that he would have given to piano-forte solos, but at the same time he seemed to possess the rare quality of never interpreting his part with too much prominence, thereby destroying the desired harmony of the "ensemble." For many years he played regularly at the Brooklyn Philharmonic, where he was treated always as a general favorite. In Brooklyn, the Philharmonic Society of New York was engaged by a Committee of Gentlemen to give four or five concerts in a season, the committee being responsible for expenses. These have been discontinued of late years, I hardly know why, unless the inhabitants of Brooklyn prefer taking their music in New York, or perhaps the engagement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for regular concerts may have taken the place of the old society.

During the earlier years of Chickering Hall the management for several seasons

gave a series of excellent orchestral concerts at popular prices, with a good band of fifty or sixty men. Theodore Thomas, Van der Stucken, Carlberg, and Anton Seidl were the conductors, and at all of these Richard Hoffman played, usually a concerto with orchestra, and some solo numbers. He was still working very hard at teaching and composing, thus keeping himself in the front ranks of musical progress in this country. He was perhaps more identified with the music of Chopin than of other composers. He loved the fire and dash of the great polonaises, which the unfortunate composer could scarcely interpret himself for lack of physical strength. He loved, too, the mysterious preludes and wild impromptus; indeed, all the compositions of this incomparable genius of the piano-forte possessed for him a fascination and charm which haunted and captivated his spirit.

During our first visit to Paris in 1869, we went to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise to visit the tomb of Chopin. As it happened, we were told at the flower shop where we went to buy some wreaths to place on the grave, that it was the "Jour des Musiciens."

It seems to be a custom to set apart certain days in memory of those artists—painters, sculptors, and musicians—who are buried there.

We were inquiring our way when a small child of six or seven, evidently belonging to the guardian at the gate and familiar with these sad memorial localities, offered to be our guide to this, as well as to the tomb of Abelard and Héloïse. He called back to his mother who was at the window of the lodge: "Maman, je conduis un monsieu' et une dame au tombeau d'Abelard et Héloïse, et ensuite chez Monsieu' Chopin." The word "chez" seemed to dissipate in a measure the sadness of the dwelling-place. This familiarity with the habitations of the dead apparently had not influenced the gayety and cheerfulness of the child's nature, but one could not help wishing he might have been brought up in a less dismal environment. While the graves of many musicians were quite profusely decorated on that day, we had the honor of placing the only wreaths on the tomb of Chopin.

The same summer found us, on the Fourth of July, at Lake Lucerne in Switz-

erland. My husband was congratulating himself on escaping the usual noisy celebration which all good Americans must endure on that day when, to our dismay, we were awakened at about six in the morning by a tremendous cannonading from the opposite shores of the lake. We were told at breakfast time that a great "Sangerfest" was being held with this rapid firing obligato. So at intervals between the singing which we crossed the lake to hear, we were served with as much noise and gunpowder as would satisfy the most zealous American citizen. In the evening there were fireworks and, less "The Star-Spangled Banner," we had made a very good celebration.

Before returning home we stopped in Manchester to see my husband's family, and while there we went to one of the "Gentlemen's Concerts," where we heard Charles Hallé play: he was also conductor of the orchestra. As these concerts were mostly patronized by subscribers, it was difficult to obtain seats, but through some influence we succeeded in doing so. The foundation of the organization was of such ancient date that it was interesting

to hear them for this if for no other reason. Hallé was a smooth and beautiful player but did not awaken great enthusiasm. He usually played from note and made use of an invention for turning the leaves, worked by means of a foot pedal. It was so diverting to see them turned by this unseen agent that it rather disturbed the musical "en train" to which one would like to yield while listening to a great artist. The orchestra of course was excellent, but it did not make me feel that when we returned to New York and our own Philharmonic Concerts, the latter would suffer greatly by comparison.

We had the good fortune while in London to hear Adelina Patti in her prime, before she began the long epoch of "Farewells" which harrowed the feelings of at least two generations of Americans. She sang in "Rigoletto" and "La Somnambula." In both she was surpassingly fine. At that time she had the throat of a bird and her trill, to which she gave full play in both these operas, left her hearers speechless with wonder. We have had nothing like it since.

The summer before I had passed several weeks at Dinard on the Brittany coast,

then a simple resort and undiscovered by the world of fashion that has since possessed the land. The only hotel in the place was a quiet simple house kept by Mons. and Mme. Nicholas, whose son, a man of twenty-five or more, had a beautiful voice and often sang to the accompaniment of a guitar in the garden after dinner. When I spoke to Madame about her son's voice, she said, "but Mademoiselle should hear his brother in Paris. He sings at the Italiens with Madame Patti." He proved to be the same Nicolini whom she afterward married.

Some of my husband's pupils who studied with him for many years have said that they would like to write their own impressions of his method of teaching. I heartily wish that they might be impelled to do so. I have asked permission to reprint at the end of this sketch a short article of his own on "How to Stimulate Thought and Imagination in a Student," which appeared in a musical work published by D. Appleton & Co. in 1895. It will give a far better idea of his system of imparting knowledge than I could do. All his pupils seem to have held him in most affectionate re-

Adelina Patti as "Marguérite"

membrance, those of the earliest days still retaining after many years their appreciation of his instruction and their interest in his welfare. He never tolerated indifference or carelessness in a pupil, but for those who were serious in the study of music or who had talent and a genuine love of the art, he would spend his best and most untiring efforts. He approved of leaving pupils to work out for themselves problems of time and harmony, and objected to excess of fingering as dazzling to the eye, like the accents above the syllables in school text-books; he thought that children should not be hampered by too many signs and signals. He often criticised the modern method of teaching foreign languages in our schools and colleges, which leaves the pupil quite dumb when the occasion offers to make practical use of his laborious study with dictionary and pen. Could both parties use the deaf and dumb alphabet they might make themselves understood, but, failing in this, the student is left wondering why so much labor apparently has been lost.

During the summer he did not give lessons, and for this season we were in the

habit of making a short sojourn in New Hampshire. The little strip of coast where we passed so many peaceful summers was known as Little Boar's Head and situated between Cape Ann and the old town of Portsmouth. At first it was primitive and unknown, but has since grown up into a very popular resort. Many interesting and a few notable people came and went in the aggregate years of those holiday months, when the cards of existence are shuffled and the inhabitants of St. Louis or Chicago are liable to turn up in Maine, and those of perhaps Savannah or New Orleans meet on the New Hampshire shore. It is mostly the nursery that brings this about. It was certainly responsible for our continuous recurrence at this health-giving spot.

The first summer of all these years brought Harriet Beecher Stowe and her daughters to one of the cottages next to ours. I had always looked upon her as one of the Immortals, and I was rather surprised to find that in spite of her fame, both in her own country and in England where she had been fêted and entertained by the Duchess of Sutherland, she still remained the most simple and retiring per-

son I ever met. She passed the greater part of every fair day on the beach attired in a bathing suit, going in and out of the water as she felt disposed, having a little talk with her friends on the sand, then running into the waves for another dip. It was difficult to realize that she had possessed the power to wield so strong an influence over one of the most significant questions in the history of our country; for who can doubt that "Uncle Tom" touched the button that set in motion the hitherto dormant minds of those who felt that slavery was out of place in a country labelling itself as "free"? The book has been criticised as no great literary achievement, which always makes me think of what poor Mercutio says, after he has received his death thrust in the duel with Tybalt. "No, 'tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve". "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has "served" and is still found on the shelves of every complete American library.

Mrs. Stowe was prevailed upon to give a reading for a fund to erect a little church to be built for the summer visitors and chose some selections from "Old Town

Folks" which had recently been published. She had no gift of elocution, but her voice, though slightly veiled at first, as she warmed to her subject became clear and distinct. The country folk from near and far came to hear her. It is probable that her reputation had penetrated farther into remote country towns and the log cabins of the backwoods than that of the greatest statesman who ever lived. It required a few more years of fairs, tableaux, and concerts—where Mr. Hoffman played his part—to complete the church; but it now stands, as St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, close to the waves, and many a good bishop and eminent preacher has exhorted its congregations to liberality and repentance.

Mr. Hoffman was the organist from the time it was built until the year 1903, a period of nearly thirty years.

An incident of one of the early summers which showed some original ingenuity on the part of one of the natives, known as "the Squire," greatly amused my husband. He (the squire) was extremely fond of music and had recently purchased a new piano in Boston. He invited us to come and see it and, if agreeable to Mr. Hoffman,

give him a little music. An evening was fixed and we both went. On opening the instrument we were mystified and amused to find pasted over the ivory keys the letters of the musical scale covering about two octaves. By this means, and by writing the names of the letters over the musical notation of a certain piece of music he particularly liked, the squire was able to pick out the tunes himself, depending on his ear for the time. The title letters of the *Boston Transcript* and *Advertiser* furnished the necessary print, and I think the forefinger of the old squire did the rest. On this particular evening the village clergyman was present with his wife, and one or two other friends. My husband never had a more delighted audience, and, when he stopped playing, the evening was closed with prayer, thanking the Almighty for the privilege of listening to such beautiful music and for "the pleasure of meeting the talented musician from the distant city and his agreeable partner in life." The humor and the seriousness of the situation were strangely blended and left one uncertain which vein to follow. We have laughed over it since, but as we passed out

under the moon and stars we felt inclined to bow our heads and say amen with the preacher.

Another year brought an influx of Washington diplomats. Mr. Robeson, then Secretary of the Navy under Grant, had a cottage, and his wife, a woman of many social and musical attractions, was the centre of this little group. The Chickerings in Boston were very kind in always sending a piano for Mr. Hoffman's use, and he was constantly in demand for mornings and evenings of music. Secretaries of legation from England, Germany, and Italy, Count and Countess Hojos of Vienna (he was one of those in attendance on the Crown Prince Rudolph some years later and at the time of his tragic death), all made up rather an unusual audience to assemble in a small New England township. But they all thoroughly enjoyed the much-vaunted simple life and never complained of any lack of social functions or modern luxury.

James G. Blaine was a frequent and interesting visitor while he was Secretary of State, during Garfield's administration. I recall a particular occasion during that

agitated summer of the assassination, when Mr. Blaine gave a vivid description of the event. He had been with the President when it occurred at the railroad station in Washington, and, to better illustrate the situation, he placed several men in different spots in the main hall, my husband among the number, and described the whole scene in the most dramatic and thrilling manner, leaving his hearers with a sense of having personally participated in the national tragedy. The following year, when Arthur had become President and was on a visit of inspection at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, he drove to Little Boar's Head, where he had luncheon, talked to the guests, and was particularly friendly and informal. Mrs. Arthur, who died before her husband became President, was a musical amateur of taste and culture whom Mr. Hoffman had known quite well in former years.

Bishop Coxe, of western New York, and at that time president of Hobart College, came with his family for two or three seasons. His son-in-law, Prof. F. P. Nash, of the same college, and his brother, Prof. Bennett H. Nash, of Harvard Univer-

sity, were two of my husband's warmest friends. Having highly musical natures, there existed between them a strong bond of sympathy and affectionate friendship. In 1893 Mr. Hoffman received the degree of Doctor of Music from Hobart College; and although he usually forgot to write his title of Mus. Doc. after his signature, he was fully entitled to do so.

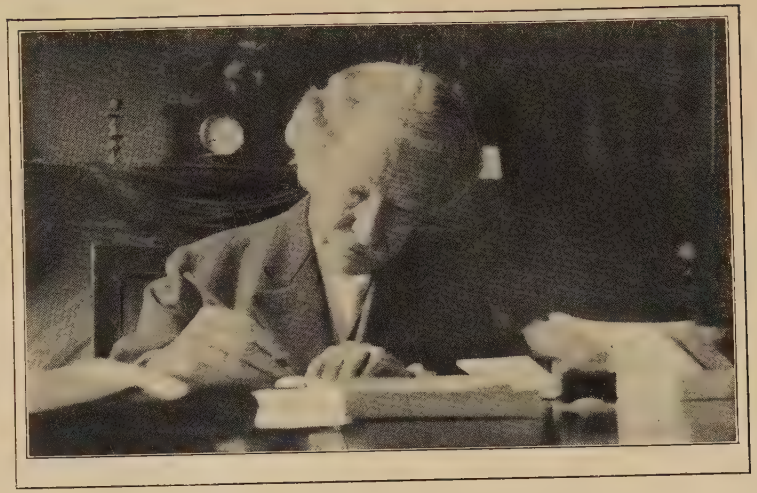
In later years, when a casino was built at Rye Beach, about a mile from where we lived, he was often asked to give a recital, where tickets were sold, and printed programmes gave it altogether a professional tone. A grand piano came from Boston for these occasions, always thanks to Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and a very enthusiastic audience made playing a real pleasure. My husband was obliged to depend entirely upon his memory for these recitals, as he brought very little music with him; but he had a wonderful repertory in his brain which always answered all demands upon it. He was gradually drawn into the custom of playing every Sunday evening for the guests of the house, and, as the place became more thickly populated and hotels sprang up, people would

come from a distance to hear him. The rooms and piazzas were often overflowing, and on fine moonlight nights any stranger passing by might have wondered what drew this silent crowd together about one house. Had they stopped to listen they would have heard the sound of music floating on the air. Young and old gathered together, listening to the inspired strains of Beethoven, Chopin, and Mendelssohn, or perhaps some improvisation on familiar melodies that awakened old memories and started the inevitable appeal for more and still more. Of course these recitals were never prepared; and after half an hour of serious music, "requests" would be sent in for certain compositions. Memory always proved a faithful servant and never seemed to fail. So delightful and informal a fashion of hearing good music it would be hard to find; for those who were of this favored throng it is now but a memory. I venture to believe it will ever remain a cherished and abiding one.

My husband's daily life was tranquil and domestic. When in town he spent all of his spare time in his own home on West

43rd Street, where we lived for over thirty-seven years. He was often urged to join certain clubs, but always declined; his children, his music, and his piano were all the diversions he asked. For many years he was a very hard-working man, as, in addition to his own family expenses, the support of his parents devolved upon him for nearly twenty years.

He was never happier than when surrounded by his family. His early life here had been so devoid of these ties, living as he did in a strange country and always in hotels or lodgings, that his married life opened up to him an entirely new existence. We had three sons and three daughters; the first died in infancy, but those who grew up were a source of infinite comfort and delight to him. Curiously enough, he had no ambition to see any one of them follow the profession of music; they all were fond of it and two daughters had strong musical temperament and ability—a source of much pleasure and gratification to him—but there was never any question of making music a life study. Our youngest daughter has devoted herself seriously to art through the medium of painting and sculpture;



Richard Hoffman in His Study

but, added to these, a natural musical ear and sympathetic voice brought her closely in touch with the artistic side of her father's life.

It is needless to say that Mr. Hoffman was greatly in demand at musical entertainments of all kinds, either for social or charitable purposes. In earlier years he derived a great deal of pleasure from these, especially when he played with those of his pupils who showed talent and musical taste. I recall some delightful evenings at the home of a clever amateur, who always kept two pianos (in perfect tune) ready for any occasion. When she and Mr. Hoffman took possession of these a musical treat was sure to follow. Neither knew what the other was going to play, but a few chords from one or the other were enough to give the clue and start a train of thought, leading them through a maze of musical pathways from symphonies and operas on to dances and dreamy nocturnes, passing from these into familiar song melodies and brilliant waltzes, all arranged on the spur of the moment without a fault in harmony or modulation. Those who have listened to these fascinating improvisations must re-

member the delight and enthusiasm they always inspired.

He seldom accepted musical engagements that took him any distance from New York, but in 1895 he played at some chamber music concerts in Chicago, under the auspices of the Clayton Summy Co. and with the Bendix Quartet. He was immensely impressed on this journey with the difference between the modes of travel at that time and those of 1849, when he went with Joseph Burke for their first concert tour in the West—the contrast between the lake steamboats and modern limited trains, and especially the present displeasing propensity for disfiguring the landscape with advertising signs, while forty years ago you were permitted to pursue your travels in peace, undisturbed by this irritating panorama of commerce. I find written in pencil on the back of one of these concert programmes the following reflections: "Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pitcher's Castoria are forever before your eyes, and added to these a perpetual sign of 'Saul the Clothier' reducing the distance to this Mecca from twenty-five to fifteen, then five miles, as you approach Chicago,

till you are ready to cry out in agony, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me!' Business signs have no more place in rural scenery than music has in the inside of a hand-organ."

At one of these concerts Mr. Hoffman gave the Hummel Septet. He was always particularly fond of this composition, perhaps because, like Hummel, he was a pianist, and Hummel always gave the piano a prominent place in his ensemble music. He repeated this Septet at the testimonial concert tendered to him by his pupils and friends in 1897, when he completed his fifty years of musical work in this country. This was given in Chickering Hall, and it was indeed gratifying for him to realize the interest and affectionate regard which had followed him throughout so many years. Innumerable letters and telegrams came to him in congratulation of the event. Some of these, sent to Mrs. C. B. Foote, an accomplished pupil and true friend, who took upon herself the management of the concert, are well worth repeating here to prove the good feeling and grateful remembrance on the part of those who joined in this celebration. The programme was

chiefly made up of "requests," and the Dannreuther Quartet offered their services for the occasion. The New York *Times* gave so satisfactory a description of the concert, at the same time passing in review the half century of his musical labors, that I cannot do better than to repeat the article in full.

Fifty Years of Music
Testimonial Concert to Mr. Richard Hoffman, the Pianist

Half a century of activity in the cause of music in one city is a record that surely deserves to be honored. Fifty years ago Richard Hoffman pianist, made his first appearance in New York. Yesterday afternoon he played in a concert given to commemorate that event in his career. He is still tall and erect of figure, gentle and sweet of countenance, and rich in enthusiasm for his art. The snows of all those Winters that have fled since first he faced the ordeal of public hearing in this town have not whitened his hair. They have made it an iron gray, but Mr. Hoffman looks as if he might yet live many years, beloved by many, honored by all, and full of ripe memories of a

career justly and beautifully rounded by a benign old age.

The concert of yesterday afternoon at Chickering Hall was a lovely spectacle. The auditorium was almost filled, and there were very few in the assembly who had not at some time profited by the instruction of Mr. Hoffman. It was his big musical family that the pianist faced, and as he looked out over his artistic progeny, he must have realized that the years of his labor had not been idle, but fruitful, not only in artistic accomplishment but also in love and even veneration. To have arranged the concert was a loving and a lovely act of his pupils, and they honored themselves as well as their master in doing so.

The programme consisted of Mozart's G minor piano quartet, Bach's C major concerto for two pianos, two piano solos—Chopin's D flat nocturne and G minor ballade—and Hummel's septet. Mr. Hoffman played the piano part in all these compositions, the second piano in the Bach concerto being played by Mrs. Charles B. Foote, an amateur and a pupil of Mr. Hoffman, in a most creditable manner. In the Mozart quartet, Gustav Dannreuther, violin; Otto K. Schill, viola, and Emil Schenck, violincello, were heard with the pianist. In the Hummel septet Mr. Dannreuther and Mr. Schenck again played, and William

Schade, flute; Joseph Eller, oboe; Felix Leifels, contrabasso, and a horn player whose name did not appear on the programme, but whose work was exceptionally good, appeared.

Mr. Hoffman's solo numbers afforded him especial opportunity for the display of those powers which he has so well preserved. He played the nocturne with sympathy, with clearness, and with soft and subdued color. In the ballade his clean and crisp delivery of running passages was excellently displayed, and there was something of power in his treatment of the broader passages. He was heartily recalled and, after carrying off the stage some very handsome floral pieces, returned to play a movement from Schumann's sonata.

Many letters and telegrams were received in honor of the occasion. Mr. Francis Hyde, then president of the Philharmonic Society, writes: "It will give me a great deal of pleasure to have my name used in connection with the proposed celebration of Mr. Richard Hoffman's fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of his remarkable musical career in this country." And Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell, out of the fulness of his heart and a long friendship, says: "I honor your record, and I honor you in

your home life. New York is better and the world is better for such men and such artists as yourself."

Dr. Doremus, from the College of the City of New York, sends congratulations and adds: "I shall feel honored to have my name inserted on the list. I have been an ardent admirer of the musical genius of Mr. Hoffman, and a keen appreciator of his friendship, for half a century."

Messrs. Chickering & Sons, of Boston, speak for themselves in the following letter:

BOSTON, MASS., *Dec.* 6, 1897.

MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN,
116 West 43rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: We are much pleased to receive your kind note of December 4th, and we are more than gratified at the success of your Testimonial Concert on the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of your first public appearance in New York. We can assure you that we are deeply sensible of the strength of purpose that must have dominated your entire musical life, and it is most refreshing in these latter days to find the entire press (representing in certain ways the most advanced musical thought of the times), as well as the most cultured and musi-

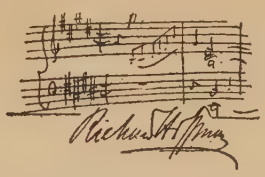
cal portion of your resident city are unanimous in endorsing in such a public and fitting way the integrity of what you have stood for and the value of what you have done.

With our best wishes and kindest regards, we are,

Very truly yours,

CHICKERING & SONS.

My husband did not retire from the musical world after this testimonial; he continued his teaching for some years but gradually gave up playing in public. He enjoyed greatly the society of musical friends in his own home, who came from time to time and played or sang with him. Among these I recall an interesting visitor in the person of John Fiske, who enjoyed an evening of music as much as any one I have ever met. He came very informally, with Mrs. Fiske, to make our acquaintance—a visit induced by mutual interests which at once established a friendly basis, and after that with the idea of asking Mr. Hoffman to play accompaniments for songs which he dearly loved to sing; but, first inviting my husband to play for him, the songs were postponed and, I regret to say, never heard. Mr. Fiske called for one favorite

1847  1897

TESTIMONIAL CONCERT
TO
MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN
ON THE OCCASION OF THE
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK
AT
CHICKERING HALL
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER FIRST
AT THREE O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME

1. QUARTETTE, G minor, ... *Mozart*
   MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN, . Pianoforte
   MR. GUSTAV DANNREUTHER, . Violin
   MR. OTTO K. SCHILL, . . Viola
   MR. EMIL SCHENCK, . . . Violoncello
2. CONCERTO, C major, ... *Bach*
   Two Pianofortes with String Quintette
   MRS. CHARLES B. FOOTE and
   MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN
3. PIANO SOLOS,
   Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2, } *Chopin*
   Ballade, Op. 23, }
   MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN
4. SEPTETTE, ... *Hummel*
   MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN, . Pianoforte
   MR. WM. SCHADE, ... Flute
   MR. JOSEPH ELLER, ... Oboe
   MR. OTTO K. SCHILL, . . . Viola
   MR. EMIL SCHENCK, . . Violoncello
   MR. FELIX LEIFELS, . . Contra Basso

Wm. Schade Horn

after another and, these leading him into delightful conversation, the evening melted away and ended with promises of a return which alas! never happened.

Madame Bresler-Gianoli, of the Manhattan Opera Company, was a frequent visitor and enjoyed bringing her music and singing for us. It was a delight for her to have Mr. Hoffman play her accompaniments, and her own facility for reading at sight made it possible to bring out all the old operas, and lead her on to singing one after another. She is a most talented artist, always ready to sing the less attractive rôles and sacrifice personal success to artistic truth. She usually brought her little boy Henri, then six years old, and he soon became a favorite with all of us. One afternoon when Madame was going to some concert she left Henri in our care. I was obliged to go out for a short time and, on returning, found him with Mr. Hoffman sailing boats in the bath tub, both seemingly enjoying themselves very much. Although Henri only spoke French and my husband found his own knowledge of it rather rusty, they still managed to understand each other, and Henri, in taking

leave of him, put his little hand in his and said: "Adieu Vieux, et merci"—this without prompting of any kind.

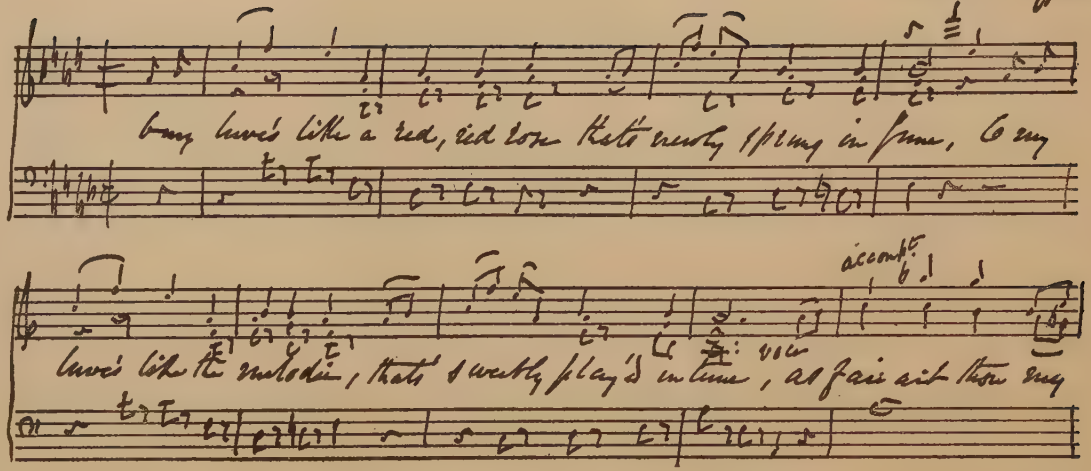
While the Trio club continued its meetings Gustav Dannreuther and others of his quartet always rehearsed at our house, and it was often made the occasion to bring in a few privileged friends to hear them. More recently, when these were regretfully abandoned, Mr. Hoffman still played for his own pleasure whenever the opportunity offered. Samuel Grimson, the violinist, and Paul Morgan, 'cellist, made up the "ensemble," and to these good friends and excellent musicians we are indebted for giving him the last hours of pure musical pleasure he was permitted to enjoy. The Brahms Trio Op. 101 C Moll was a special favorite. Anything more beautiful than the third movement can hardly be imagined, and when it is played *con amore* by three good artists, it is an uplifting experience not to be lightly estimated. The Schubert Trios No. I and No. II were often played, as well as Schumann No. I D Moll. After these more serious compositions, it was not unusual to improvise a violin obligato to the Chopin preludes,

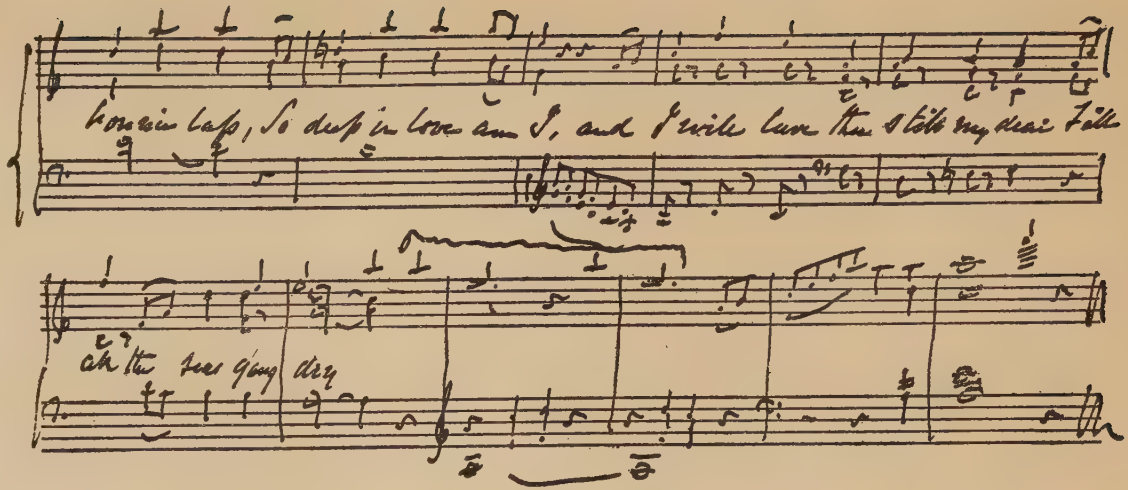
which lend themselves most charmingly to these diversions. Then would follow a cup of tea and a little talk, when the instruments would be dressed in their warm wrappings and taken home like good children.

Richard Hoffman's compositions were almost entirely for the piano, but his last and now unfinished work was a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, which he was writing at the time of his death. The parts for the strings were not completed, and it is not probable that it can ever now be played, but he was deeply interested in its development and gave to it all the time and thought his strength would permit. Many of his earlier compositions that were published abroad were very popular, and a child's song, entitled "Ding Dong," which appeared in the collection known as "The Century Song Book," is one of his happiest achievements in more simple vein. At one time he composed a number of church services and anthems. These were sung at St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and St. John's churches. Mr. Hoffman had an uncle in England—William Shore—the author of many popular hymns still sung in

the churches and which he often adapted to different metres from anything he fancied, operatic or otherwise. One in particular, to which "Softly Now the Light of Day" is often sung, was taken note for note (the time only changed) from the ballet music of the opera of Oberon. Many people (not musicians) who take offense at operatic selections being given in church have sung this melody for half a century with extreme devotional feeling, little knowing its light and fantastic origin.

At the time when operatic fantasias were in vogue for the piano, Mr. Hoffman made a number of transcriptions which ran through many editions; of late years, with the exception of the piano pieces from the Wagner operas, his arrangements were largely drawn from orchestral works. The Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, always a great favorite, was often played by him as an encore. The difficulty in finding satisfactory arrangements for the piano of orchestral music induced him to give much time to this kind of composition: as a number of selections from the works of Tschaikowsky, principally a


Richard Hoffman
my love's like a red, red rose That newly sprung in June, O my
accomp.
love's like the melodie, That's sweetly play'd in tune, As fair art thou my



Facsimile of Mr. Hoffman's Last MS.

set of three—the Scherzo from the Fourth Symphony Op. 36, the Andante from Symphony No. 6, Op. 64, and the Adagio Cantabile from the Sextet known as the "Souvenir de Florence" Op. 70. His last published composition, just issued, was a little song to the words "My love is like a red, red rose," so gay and light in style that it is hard to believe it the work of a man who was far beyond the danger mark of life. Just before this he had written the accompaniment to a melody composed by his daughter to words of Oscar Wilde's "O Beautiful Star." He used to say he only entered the field as a "chaperon," but the combination was full of loving interest to many, and a beautiful letter from his friend, Professor Nash, of Hobart College, to whom he sent a copy of the song, I found close to his heart in the coat he wore on the day of his death.

GENEVA, N. Y., *May* 8, 1909.

MY DEAR HOFFMAN:

There is something so beautiful, so tender, touching, and lovely in your association with dear M. in musical authorship, that it would make even a piece of poor music exceedingly precious to me.

To the music of "Under the Balcony," which would be delightful even without this exquisite association, it lends an added charm and fascination beyond all expression. I cannot thank you enough for sending me this delightful gift which I shall preserve religiously and value more highly than you can think. Bless you for feeling how much I should be pleased and touched to be so sweetly remembered!

Please congratulate M. for me on her brilliant début as a composer, and believe me with sincere gratitude, and with best regards to dear Mrs. Hoffman,

Affectionately yours,

FRANCIS PHILIP NASH.

At one time in his life my husband was sent for by an old friend who was dying, to play for her for the last time. He answered the summons at once and for more than an hour played everything he knew she loved. As he finished the closing strains of Schubert's "Wanderer," her favorite song, which he had arranged for the piano, the nurse appeared in the doorway and he knew by her look that he need not continue. I like to think that as our friend passed beyond the barrier of this

life the echoes of his music followed her into the land of rest and peace.

For the past three years he gave up the summer journey to New Hampshire, where he had the record of being the oldest guest in the house of Albert Bachelder. We came instead to Mt. Kisco, N. Y., in order to be near a dear daughter whose married life was of very short duration. The loss of this daughter and of a son within five years brought us to a realization of his advanced age, as up to that time he had continued his teaching and playing without apparent failure of strength or vigor.

It was soon after this that the malady made its appearance which later proved fatal. Added to this, an enfeebled heart gave warning that shadows were lengthening and the days far spent. He still kept his wonderful memory and facility of finger, playing a little each day and enjoying the few pastimes that did not overtax his strength. He took his last drive in July to the home of our neighbor, Richard Harding Davis. There he passed an hour or more with Mrs. Davis and played some duets with her mother, who is an accom-

plished musician. Mrs. Davis presented him with a champion sheep-dog, a gentle and affectionate creature who became his constant and devoted companion.

No one realized just yet that the time of last things had come. A merciful veil hides this knowledge from us. To know when the last time *was* the last would be "a curse to blight all living hours." It was on the seventeenth of August, just at the sunset hour, when the call came and was quickly answered.

"Sunset and Evening Star
And one clear call for me,
O may there be no moaning of the Bar
When I put out to sea."

So he left us and the night closed in.

It was afterward arranged on the day of the funeral that his own musical setting to these words should be played on the organ as the casket was borne from the church. This was so blended with the strains of the Beethoven Funeral March that it became a requiem of extraordinary pathos and solemnity. As we left the

Richard Hoffman, taken in August, 1909,
with His Champion Sheep Dog,
"Sir Wally Harkaway"

grave, heaven's tears fell upon us, and from a friend came the words:

"Call me not dead, when I have gone into the company of the Ever Living, High and Glorious."[1]

[1] R. W. Gilder.

Richard Hoffman's Hand
Life cast by Victor Salvatore

SOME MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS

ONE of the most vivid recollections of my early youth was when I first heard the "Elijah" given at the Birmingham festival, and conducted by its composer, Felix Mendelssohn. I was but fourteen years of age when I made this memorable journey from Manchester, my native city, but the experience was destined never to be forgotten, and I recall its slightest detail as if it had been an event of yesterday.

I had been brought up—steeped, so to speak—in an atmosphere of music which had already determined my career. My father, who had been a pupil of Hummel and Kalkbrenner, was an organist and pianist of merit. He was also an excellent violinist, and always played at the "Gentlemen's Concerts" in Manchester, a picked orchestra of sixty or seventy men. To these concerts I was always taken and was allowed to

be on the stage near my father, whose chair I occupied while he was playing. The English orchestral players (except, of course, the 'cellos) always stood while they played; they were not allowed the privilege of sitting and crossing their legs in the listless manner which so often offends the eye in our modern performances. I was taken to these concerts from the time I was six years old, and I am told that I often fell asleep during a symphony, and that my father occupied his "rests" in prodding me with his bow. But at fourteen I was very wide-awake on all musical matters, and when one of my father's friends, who was a musical critic on one of the Manchester papers, offered to pay my expenses to Birmingham if I would write him an account of the festival, I agreed at once. Indeed, for such a reward I would have engaged to write an epic had he so demanded, for I was at the age when nothing seemed impossible. Had I not just composed a sacred

cantata on "The Raising of Lazarus," doomed, it is true, for various reasons, not the least of which was the opening recitative, beginning thus: "Now a certain man was sick." Whether the reiteration of this phrase offended the popular English prejudice against the word "sick" I know not, but my Lazarus was entombed then and there, never to rise again.

I set forth quite alone on a railway journey which at that time occupied nearly six hours from Manchester. When I reached Birmingham I wandered about the town with as little idea of where I was to sleep that night as the most homeless of tramps, but I was not troubled about any incidental trifles of this kind. I had not come to sleep, but to hear and to see, and so long as I reached the Town Hall where the festival was held, I cared for little else. As I was gazing about the streets I was fortunately seen by Miss Maria Hawes, a well-known English singer of that day, who happened

to be driving by in a cab, and who was to sing at the festival. She was a friend of my family, and stopped the cab to inquire what I was doing in Birmingham. I told her I had come for the "Elijah," like every one else, and then only was I brought back to a sense of things temporal, such as tickets and hotels. She gave me a pass for the rehearsal on that evening, and directed me to the Town Hall, where she advised me to go at once to procure a ticket for the concert of the next day. When I reached there I found that every seat was taken, and I was forced to be content with what is called a promenade entrance. After this I turned my steps toward the largest hotel in the city, called by the attractive name of "The Hen and Chickens." There I was fortunate enough to win the sympathies of the barmaid, who, after telling me that every bed in the house was "bespoke," took pity upon my loneliness and admitted that one room which had been engaged was not yet

claimed, and that if the people did not arrive by nine o'clock I might have it. I suppose they gave me some supper, but I have forgotten about it; I only remember that I went as early as possible to the rehearsal, and that I was admitted on Miss Hawes's order. I had a seat by the side of the organist, Dr. Gauntlet, whom I assisted afterward by pulling out the organ stops for him, and full of delightful excitement I awaited the entrance of the great Mendelssohn.

How well I recall that small, lithe figure, the head rather large, face long and oval, eyes prominent but full, large, and lustrous, beaming with the light of genius. I followed every motion and gesture, and, in breathless expectancy, waited for him to lift his baton. I cannot hope to describe my musical impressions and emotions on this occasion, since some one has aptly said that "music begins where language leaves off," but I remember well how he drilled

the chorus, making them repeat many times the Recitative in the first part, which illustrates the talking together of many people, and his evident wish to give the effect of a confusion of voices. Once or twice during the rehearsal he came up to Dr. Gauntlet to say: "Not so loud; push in such and such a stop." But as soon as his back was turned, Gauntlet would say to me quickly: "Pull them out again, pull them out again." He was obliged to play from the full score as no organ part had been written out, and his own discretion was all he could rely upon in many places, but Mendelssohn had perfect confidence in his judgment, as well as admiration for his ability as an organist and musician, and especially selected him to be the organist on this occasion.

To remember that I so far assisted in this first performance of the "Elijah," even in so small a way, has always been a source of satisfaction to me. Miss Dolby was the

Richard Hoffman as a Boy

contralto, and the tenor, Lockey,[1] whose singing of "If With all Your Hearts," will ever remain with me as the most exquisite thing I ever heard.

After the rehearsal I returned to the shelter of "The Hen and Chickens." The barmaid was looking out for me, and I was relieved to hear that I might occupy the unclaimed room. By the light of a solitary candle I was escorted to one of the largest apartments in the house, containing two monstrous double beds, and was told that I might take my choice of either as I was to be the sole occupant of this capacious lodging. I can remember very well the reaction which set in after my excitement, and the loneliness and desolation to which I fell a victim when I was left alone among the dark hangings and cold sheets. But all this was forgotten the next morning when I entered the coffee room. Here was a stirring scene.

[1] Mendelssohn speaks of this young English tenor in his letters. See Vol. 1833 to 1847, page 363.

Every musician of note in Europe and the United Kingdom seemed to be assembled there—pianists, violinists, singers, and composers. I have never, at any subsequent period of my life, been in the midst of such a galaxy of talent and genius. One theme was the subject of all conversation—Mendelssohn, as conductor, as composer, and as pianist, though he did not on this occasion exercise the latter talent.

At the performance that morning (the festivals were at eleven o'clock) I was forced to stand for nearly four hours in a dense crowd, but I was quite oblivious to such effort when a musical treat was in question. Not long before this I had stood outside Her Majesty's Theatre in London in just such another crowd, waiting for the gallery doors to open, on a Jenny Lind opera night.

Mendelssohn was one of the best conductors, but he would seldom beat more than the first sixteen or twenty-four bars of an overture or movement from a symphony;

he would then lay down his baton and listen, often applauding with the audience. He would take it up again when he wished a crescendo or rallentando or any other effect not noted in the parts.

The sensation produced by the last chorus of the first part of the "Elijah," "Thanks be to God," was truly wonderful. One felt as if the Divine Presence had been evoked, so impressive, so awe-inspiring was its effect upon the listeners. The marvellous effect of the rain and rushing of waters given by the violins, and the stupendous bass *F* fortissimo, was beyond human conception. I think Prospère with his monstrous ophicleide added materially to this splendid tone effect. In the chorus of the priests of Baal the brass was particularly fine. The bass part was sung by Herr Staudigl, whose broken English took nothing away from the effect of Elijah's declamation. He possessed a grand voice, and I have often heard him sing Schubert's

"Wanderer," ending with the low E of the first ledger-line below the bass staff.

The performance finished with an Italian programme which fell very flat after the tremendous enthusiasm evoked by the "Elijah." Mario sang the "Cujus Animam," and Madame Grisi gave a number or two, but the impression of all this part of the festival has faded from my mind. I have heard Mario and Grisi many times since, when I have been ready to lay my tribute of admiration at their feet, but on this occasion when Mendelssohn left the stage the lights seemed to go out, and it would have been impossible for any one else to arouse the audience again.

The festival programmes were bound to cover a good deal of ground and a certain length of time, and were calculated to attract all classes. People came from great distances and expected to hear as many artists and as much music as possible for their money. The expenses of the per-

formances were defrayed by the city, and the profits went toward the support of the different charitable objects, chiefly hospitals. They are still maintained on this principle, and continue to exercise a certain influence over the musical world of to-day. On this occasion there were about one hundred in the orchestra and over two hundred in the chorus.

The English seem by nature the best chorus singers in the world. Many of them are from the lower middle classes, who are not as a rule very cultured or refined, but the moment the spirit of music is awakened within them they are for the time being transformed, and able to interpret compositions of the most lofty and sublime character. Mendelssohn says, in the same letter before mentioned: "Not less than four choruses and four airs were encored, and not one single mistake occured in the whole of the first part," and further on he adds: "Not the slightest sound was to be heard

among the whole audience, so that I could sway at pleasure the enormous orchestra and choir, and also organ accompaniments . . . all executing the music with the utmost fire and sympathy, doing justice not only to the loudest passages, but also to the softest *pianos* in a manner which I never before heard."

When Mendelssohn came to Manchester not long after the Birmingham festival, I had the great pleasure of meeting and talking with him. My father was desirous of sending me to Germany to continue my musical education under his care, but his many engagements made it impossible for him to assume any other responsibilities, and the plan was consequently abandoned.

My musical studies went on mostly under my father's guidance, with the exception of a few lessons from Leopold de Meyer, the "lion pianist," as he was called. He was one of my youthful infatuations, and nothing would satisfy me but to go to London

Leopold de Meyer
From a caricature after Dantan

and have some lessons from him. It was arranged to send me thither where, at a guinea an hour, I received a few hints from this extraordinary personage. I went to his rooms for my instruction, and during the lesson he was generally occupied in being shaved, having his hair cut, or perhaps being measured by his tailor or shirtmaker. I studied only his own compositions during these precious hours, which I divided with many of the London tradesmen, and I thought nothing of spending whole days in the achievement of the "March d'Isly," the "Lucrezia Fantasia," or the "March Marocaine." I managed to be present at most of his public performances, and although my enthusiasm has cooled considerably since then, I still remember his touch as the most wonderful combination of superb power and exquisite delicacy I ever heard. He was a perfect mountebank on the stage, and his antics were made the subject of the most grotesque

caricatures, representing him as playing with feet as well as hands, while the air about him was filled with the fragments of pianos and notes, the terror-stricken audience escaping as best they might from his volcanic technique. He was the author of many brilliant and effective piano compositions not destined, however, to survive a short-lived popularity.

While in London I stayed with Giulio Regondi, a friend of my family, and at that time a prominent figure in musical society. He played the guitar in a most remarkable manner, as well as the concertina, a small reed instrument invented by Wheatstone of telegraph fame. A most lovely quality of tone was produced by the mixture of different metals composing the reeds, and Regondi's genius developed all its possibilities. A criticism from one of the Manchester papers of that time describing his playing when he appeared there as a youth, gives so good an idea of his unique style, which

for the time being held his audience spell-bound, that I copy it verbatim from my father's scrap-book: "Giulio Regondi quite took the audience by surprise. That an instrument hitherto regarded as a mere toy—the invention, however, of a philosophical mind—should be capable of giving full expression to a brilliant violin concerto of De Beriot's, was more than even musicians who had not heard this talented youth would admit. The close of every movement was greeted with a round of applause in which many members of the orchestra joined. The performer has much of the 'fanatico per la musica' in his appearance, and manifestly enthusiastic love for his art; he hangs over and hugs his little box of harmony as if it were a casket of jewels, or an only and dearly loved child. His trills and shakes seem to vibrate through the frame, and occasionally he rises on tiptoe, or flings up his instrument as he jerks out its highest notes, looking the while like one

rapt and unconscious of all outward objects, in the absorbing enjoyment of the sweet sounds that flow from his magical instrument."

He played the most difficult music which he adapted to the powers or limitations of the little concertina. Among other things, a concerto of Spohr, which astonished every one.

My father knew him first when, as a child in Manchester, he was travelling about with the man who called himself his father, but whose subsequent conduct belied any such claim. When the boy had made a large sum of money by his concerts, and seemed able to maintain himself by his talents, the so-called father deserted him, taking with him all the proceeds of the child's labors, and leaving poor Giulio to shift for himself. My father befriended him at this time, and his gentle and winning disposition endeared him to all my family. Later in his life when a young man in Lon-

don, he often took charge of me, and twice we went to Paris together where we enjoyed some of the choicest musical treats. I heard with him all the great singers and musicians of the day, Tamburini and Lablache, Grisi and Mario, Alboni and Persiani, and most of these before I was sixteen years old. He taught me to play the concertina, but never converted me to any serious affection for the instrument, although to hear Regondi play upon it was always a delight. Berlioz[1] in his "Orchestral School" has a treatise on the concertina, which he regarded with considerable favor.

Regondi's playing of the guitar always seemed to me his most remarkable achievement; he had added to the instrument two or three covered strings without frets, which he used at will, and the wonderful expression he could impart to his melodies I have never heard excelled by any voice. I have heard him play Thalberg's "Huguenots"

[1] See Berlioz, "Art of Instrumentation."

and the "Don Juan," Op. 14, making the guitar respond to the most difficult variations with perfect ease.

Mrs. Hemans made him the subject of the following poem:

TO GIULIO REGONDI—THE BOY GUITARIST

Blessing and love be round thee still fair boy!
Never may suffering wake a deeper tone
Than Genius now, in its first fearless joy,
Calls forth exulting from the chords which own
Thy fairy touch! O, may'st thou ne'er be taught
The power whose fountain is in troubled thought!

For in the light of those confiding eyes,
And on the ingenuous calm of that clear brow,
A dower, more precious e'en than genius, lies,
A pure mind's worth, a warm heart's vernal glow!
God, who hath graced thee thus, O gentle Child!
Keep midst the world thy brightness undefiled!

Her beneficent wishes for his welfare, were alas! never realized; for him the "cruel wintry wind" was not "more unkind than man's ingratitude." His history was

Giulio Regondi

sad and full of mystery, which doubtless added further attraction to his talents, and many were the stories whispered as to his birth and parentage. He was much sought after in London, and a great favorite with the nobility, of whom many were his pupils and devoted friends. He was the constant guest of two old ladies of the Bourbon aristocracy living in London, who treated him "en prince," and always rose when he entered their salon. He never revealed to any one his connection with these people, but I have always thought he belonged to them "de race." We were in constant correspondence until the time of his death, which occurred in the early seventies. His lovely spirit passed away after many months of suffering from that most cruel of all diseases, cancer.

I remember that a certain hope of reprieve from the dread sentence of death was instilled by his physician or friends, by telling him that, if only he could obtain

some of the American condurango plant, which at that time was supposed to be a cure for this malady, he might, at least, be greatly relieved. I sent him a quantity of the preparation, but it failed to help him, and so he died, alone, in London lodgings, but not uncared for, nor yet "unwept, unhonored, or unsung." His fame was too closely allied to his personality to endure after him, save in the hearts of those who knew him best, but while he lived he showed himself a true and noble artist, full of the finest and most exalted love of music, a man whom to know was in itself a privilege not to be over-estimated.

I think it was in 1840 or 1841, in Manchester, that I first heard Liszt, then a young man of twenty-eight. At that time he played only bravura piano compositions, such as the "Hexameron" and "Hungarian March" of Schubert, in C minor, arranged by himself. I recollect his curious appearance, his tall, lank figure, buttoned up in a

frock coat, very much embroidered with braid, and his long, light hair brushed straight down below his collar. He was not at that time a general favorite in England, and I remember that on this occasion there was rather a poor house. A criticism of this concert which I have preserved from the *Manchester Morning Post* will give an idea of his wonderful playing. After some introduction it goes on to say: "He played with velocity and impetuosity indescribable, and yet with a facile grace and pliancy that made his efforts seem rather like the flight of thought than the result of mechanical exertion, thus investing his execution with a character more mental than physical, and making genius give elevation to art. One of the most electrifying points of his performance was the introduction of a sequence of thirds in scales, descending with unexampled rapidity; and another, the volume of tone which he rolled forth in the execution of a double shake. The rapture

of the audience knew no bounds," etc. I fancied I saw the piano shake and tremble under the force of his blows in the "Hungarian March." I regret that I never had an opportunity of hearing him later in life, when I am sure I should have had more pleasure both in his playing and his programmes. He had appeared some sixteen years before in Manchester, in 1824, as a youthful phenomenon, in an engagement made for him by Mr. Andrew Ward, my father's partner. He stayed at his house while there, as the following letter specifies; both letters form part of a correspondence between Mr. Ward and the elder Liszt on this matter.

LONDON, *July* 29, 1824.

Dear Sir: In answer to your letter of the 27th inst. I beg to inform you that I wish my Son to play as follows: viz:—At the first concert, a grand Concerto for the Piano Forte with orchestral accompaniment composed by Hummel, and the "Fall of Paris" also with

Liszt when a Young Man

grand orchestral accompaniment composed by Moscheles.

At the 2d Concert—Variations with orchestral accompaniments composed by Charles Czerni, and afterwards an Extempore Fantasia on a written Thema which Master Liszt will respectfully request any person of the Company to give him.

We intend to start to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock by the Telegraph Coach from the White Horse Fetter lane, and as we are entire strangers to Manchester it will be very agreeable to us if you will send some one to meet us.

M. Erard's pianoforte will be in your town on Sunday morning as I shall be glad for my son to play upon that instrument.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yr very humble Servant,

Liszt.

15 Gt. Marlborough Street,

July 22, 1824.

Mr. Liszt presents his compliments to Mr. Roe and begs to say, that the terms upon which he will take his son to Manchester to play at the

concerts of the second and fourth of August next will be as follows:

Mr. Liszt is to receive one hundred pounds and be provided with board and lodgings in Mr. Ward's house during his stay in Manchester for his son and himself, and Mr. Liszt will pay the travelling expenses to and from Manchester.

Thalberg was a contemporary of Liszt in age, but did not appear in public until much later. He was equally astonishing in his novel passages for the piano-forte, which he accomplished with the greatest ease, and without any theatrical effect. His method of sustaining the melody by the pedal, while both hands roamed from one end of the key-board to the other, was so marvellous that the audience used to stand up to see how it was done. I saw more of Thalberg during his engagement in this country in 1852. I heard him play at all his concerts, and I was, and still remain, an ardent admirer of his brilliant and facile technique. As a boy I learned nearly all of his

compositions and operatic arrangements, and have never forgotten them, although I have not looked at the notes for twenty-five years or more.

Of the women pianists of those days, Mesdames Pleyel and Dulcken were among the best, and Mlle. Claus was also a charming player, and particularly good in Bach. All these I listened to with avidity; my appetite for music was never satisfied, and as my father knew and entertained many of the musicians and singers who came to Manchester, I was much favored in opportunity to hear them.

The Novello sisters, daughters of Vincent Novello of London, were great friends of my family. Both were charming singers, but Clara, the elder, was a special favorite and in great demand at the English festivals. She always stayed at my uncle's house whenever she came to Manchester and was greatly beloved by all of us. I was very young at the time of her greatest

triumphs, but I was taken to hear her sing and can still recall her beautiful voice and charming manner. She was remarkably handsome and in the height of her fame she married an Italian noblèman, Count Gigliucci, who took her to Romè, where she is still living, greatly courted and respected by all who know her.[1] Miss Sybilla and Mr. J. Alfred Novello kindly assisted at the only concert I gave in London before coming to this country, at Erard's rooms.

Those of my recollections which antedate the half century are hardly mature enough to be of special interest, but they are more numerous than one would suppose, as the tendency of that time was to force juvenile talent far beyond what would be tolerated at the present day. I performed at public concerts from the age of six, and at twelve I was playing on three

[1] The Countess Gigliucci has died since these recollections were written.

different instruments—piano, violin, and concertina—in one evening. Besides this, I was already quite well acquainted with the organ, and often took my father's place on Sunday afternoons. When I was hardly thirteen years of age my name was sent in as a candidate for the position of organist at the Prestwich Parish Church. Lord Wilton, an excellent musical amateur, had this appointment as well as the living of the church at his disposition, and I was invited to go to Heaton Park, his country seat near Manchester, to play for him. I was sent on this long drive quite alone in a cab, at about nine in the evening, in order to reach there after dinner. I well recall the ordeal of that memorable occasion. I was ushered into the drawing-room at about ten o'clock, the guests being all assembled after dinner. There was an organ at one end, as well as a grand piano, and I had hoped to be asked to play on the latter, but his lordship conducted me to the organ

and told me that he wished to judge chiefly of my reading at sight. He put before me some old chorals with figured bass and asked me to play them. I must have done so rather creditably, as he seemed pleased and satisfied and told me I could try the service the following Sunday. In the morning I conducted myself very well and was much praised for it, but in the afternoon I was probably tired (it will be remembered I was only twelve years old) and in the midst of the second chant, when most of the stops were out, and I was putting on all the steam I could command, I suddenly lost my balance on the organ bench, my foot slipping off the swell pedal, and fell headlong onto the key-boards. In trying to avert the catastrophe I plunged from Scylla into Charybdis, tumbling among the foot pedals and creating a cataclysm of sounds that must have scandalized the congregation. I recall in a vague sort of way that my brothers never considered the dis-

aster in the light of an accident. I was not very anxious to obtain the position with the work it entailed, and it is barely possible I may have taken this way out of it. . . . Be this as it may, Lord Wilton wrote to my father praising my talents, but stating that he considered me too young to assume the responsibility of directing the choir. I had a delightful walk with the rector's daughter between the services in their lovely garden; they had kept me to luncheon, the distance being too great for me to return home, and I wish she might know how gratefully I recall her hospitality of the morning, and her sympathy of the afternoon.

My father was so great an enthusiast in the cause of music that he brought up all his children to follow it as a profession. We were a large family, and the ground was already well occupied with aspirants, hence it was decided, in response to an invitation from an uncle living in New York,

to let me try my fortune in the United States. I played at a concert in Manchester given by my friend Regondi the night before I started for Liverpool, from whence I was to sail on the Cunàrd steamship *Cambria*, with Captain Judkins.

I was about sixteen years old at this time, and when I went on board to find that no stateroom or berth had been reserved for me, I began to feel considerably cast down and low in my mind. My father knew Captain Judkins, who very kindly offered to put me at his table and to find a berth for me before night. I had my concertina in my trunk, and the Captain was very fond of making me play it for the entertainment of the ladies whom he invited into his private sanctum on deck. At the expiration of sixteen days we landed in Boston, and as I was consigned to the Tremont House by a correspondent in Manchester, they sent some one to meet me and conduct me to the hotel. I was taken a few hours

later to the Chickering warerooms by one of the clerks, who had been deputed to act as my guide. There I made the acquaintance of old Jonas Chickering, who met me in his working apron with his tools in his hand. It was not long before they made me sit down at a grand piano (the only one they had, as it happened), and I played upon it to an admiring audience of visitors until I was dragged away from this congenial employment by the clerk, to see some of the sights of the city. It is just fifty years since my introduction to the Chickering piano, when dressed in an Eton jacket and broad collar I first tested its merits. I have been faithful to it ever since, nor have I had occasion to change my mind as to its uniform excellence. It was in the month of August, and that night I also made my first acquaintance with the American mosquito in the fulness of his strength. The morning found me spent with my struggles to conquer him, and when I

started for New York by the Sound boat that evening I was a very much exhausted as well as homesick boy.

I recollect that I left the boat as soon as it reached the dock and drove at once to my uncle's house on Spring Street, where I arrived before any of the household were awake. There I passed a half-hour or more on the doorstep, sitting on my trunk and waiting for the servants to open the house, while I reflected on the fallacy of that proverb which treats of the early bird.

Soon after my arrival in New York I was fortunate in finding a friend in Joseph Burke, the violinist, who in great measure supplemented the wise counsels of Regondi, and who, like Regondi, had been a youthful prodigy. He went on the stage at the age of eight and was known at that time as "Master Burke," but when he was old enough to choose his own career he forsook the theatre and adopted music as his profession. He studied the violin in Brussels

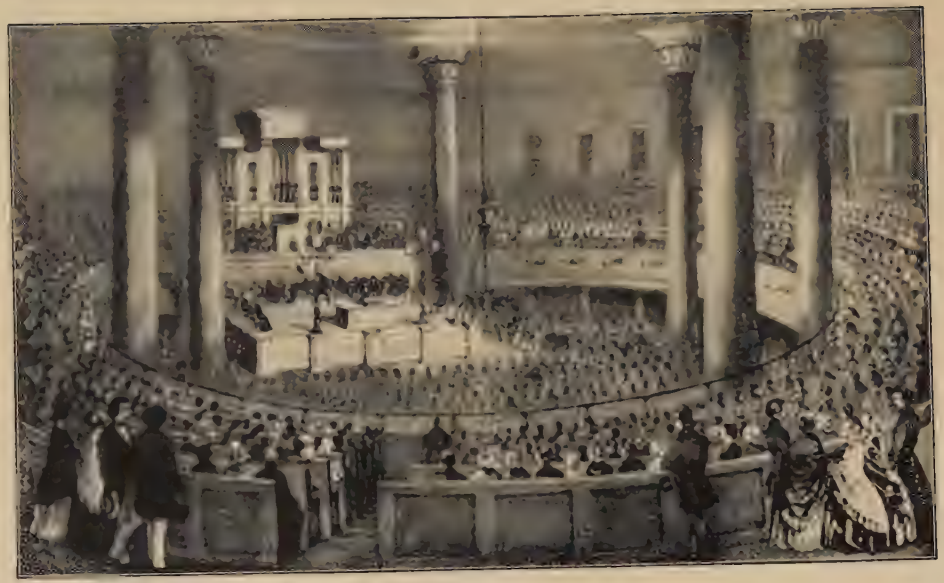
Joseph Burke as a Young Man

Known in boyhood as Master Burke, the Boy Phenomenon

under De Beriot, and on his return to the States he made a tour throughout the country with De Meyer.

I made my first public appearance in New York at a concert given by Burke at the Tabernacle. This was soon followed by one of my own given on Thanksgiving evening, when I realized the uncertain returns which may be expected in concert enterprises. I should have been considerably out of pocket after this bold venture had it not been for some kind friends, Mr. Ogden Haggerty and Mr. Arthur T. Jones among others, who on the next day sent me receipts for the use of the Tabernacle and all other expenses of the concert. The public did not turn out in such numbers as I had hoped for, and I found myself with an audience of three or four hundred people in a room, the seating capacity of which was over two thousand. The Tabernacle was a large building on Broadway and Leonard Street, used on Sundays for relig-

ious services and for all kinds of secular entertainments throughout the week. It was the only large room available for public concerts or meetings except Castle Garden (then used for the opera), and its acoustic properties were very good. It was, however, a dismal, badly lighted place and the entrance could only be approached through a long, narrow alley from Broadway. The New York audiences of to-day would revolt against the inconveniences which were cheerfully endured by their grandparents in 1847. I had been wiser had I taken the Apollo rooms on Broadway which were smaller and more desirably located. There the Philharmonic Society gave their concerts, and I should have followed their example, but I was probably suffering from the complaint best known as "swelled head," brought on, I dare say, by overpraise and considerable self-conceit. My preference therefore leaned toward the Tabernacle, and there I learned my first



The Old Broadway Tabernacle, New York City

lesson in humility, which doubtless had its good effect on my character.

The programme for this concert, one of which I have preserved and reproduced here, will show what a rara avis the grand piano was in those days. The one I played upon was made especially for Mr. Jones, a leading amateur in music, and he was good enough to lend it to me on all great occasions. As a general thing I played upon a "square," as the piano manufacturers did not make a "grand" except to order, and all foreign pianists brought their own instruments with them.

I print a criticism of this concert written by Charles A. Dana, then musical critic of the *Tribune*, and I like to think that throughout his long career as a journalist and man of letters I kept his friendship and good opinion of my musical work.

"The bill of Richard Hoffman's Concert last evening was a very attractive one, and we were surprised to see a smaller audience

than the utmost limits of the Tabernacle would accommodate, especially as it was a holiday night, and Mr. Hoffman had the good sense to put the price of admission at half a dollar. Artists are too much in the habit of supposing that it is impossible to charge less than a dollar, no matter what they offer. No concert ticket ought to be a dollar where there is not a full orchestra and the best vocal assistance to be obtained.

"Though Mr. Hoffman had not a crowd, the audience was a good one and seemed fully to appreciate his fine talents and the earnestness of his playing. We know no one who seems to maintain so vital a connection with his instrument as Mr. Hoffman. For the time being it is his world, and the music he is playing sole existence. We were able to hear him last evening only in a Fantasie by Prudent; it was a performance full of beauty and of promise, though we confess we could not but wish for the absorbed and most prepossessing

TABERNACLE.

THANKSGIVING NIGHT.

RICHARD HOFFMAN'S

GRAND

CONCERT,

AT THE TABERNACLE,

On Thursday Evening, November 25th, 1847,

ON WHICH OCCASION HE WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MR. JOSEPH BURKE, Violinist,

MR. H. C. TIMM,

MR. SCHARFENBERG,

MR. S. L. LEACH, Vocalist,

From London, his second appearance in America.

HERR SARONI, AND

MRS. EASTCOTT, Vocalist.

MR. H. C. TIMM WILL PRESIDE AT THE PIANOFORTE.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. SONG—"Woman's Love," MR. LEACH.....Kiltz
2. GRAND FANTASIE—"Les Huguenots," executed by RICHARD HOFFMAN, on one of Chickering's Superb Grand Pianofortes, manufactured for a Gentleman in this City.....Prudent
3. "VANEL CARPO," from the Opera of Il Colonello, MRS. EASTCOTT.....Ricci
4. FANTASIE—"La Melancholie" executed by Mr. JOSEPH BURKE..... Prume
5. RECITATIVE AND AIR—"Rage thou angry Storm," MR. LEACH .....Benedict
6. INTRODUCTION AND VARIATIONS—"Semiramis," (by desire) executed by RICHARD HOFFMAN.....Leopold De Meyer
7. OVERTURE TO "GUILLAUME TELL".....Rossini

Arranged for three Pianos, by Richard Hoffman, and executed by Messrs. SCHARFENBERG, H. C. TIMM, and RICHARD HOFFMAN, on three Superb Grand Pianofortes, manufactured by Messrs. Nunns & Clark, Stodart, and Chickering.

INTERMISSION OF TEN MINUTES.

PART II.

1. FANTASIE on Themes from "Linda de Chamounix," (by desire) executed by MR. J. BURKE.....Alard
2. SONG—"On the Banks of Guadalquiver," by MRS. EASTCOTT.....Lavenue
3. GRAND FANTASIE—sur "La Cracovienne," executed by RICHARD HOFFMAN.....H. V. Wallace
4. SONG—"Weep not for sorrow," LEACH—Violoncello Obligato by HERR SARONI..Lacombe
5. RICHARD HOFFMAN will have the honor of introducing to the American Public **New Musical Instrument, called Wheatstone's Patent Concertina,** and perform on it a FANTASIA on Themes from the Opera of "Norma."
6. GRAND DUO CONCERTANTE—from the Opera of "Fra Diavolo," executed by RICHARD HOFFMAN and JOSEPH BURKE.....Herz and Lafont

young artist a school more adequate to his talents than he is likely to find in this country. America is good for the accomplished master, who seeks a substantial harvest for the early years of labor and preparation; but it is not so good for the forming student who needs the severe influence of great models, and a truly cultivated public."—*Tribune*, Nov. 26, 1847.

Soon after this rather disastrous enterprise I was invited by the Philharmonic Society to play at one of their concerts. I chose the Mendelssohn G Minor Concerto in which to make my first appearance as a classical pianist, and I seem to have acquitted myself with some credit on the occasion. I find the following notice of this concert from the *New York Express* of that date, which I remember gave me great encouragement at a time when I stood in need of it.

"Mr. Richard Hoffman deserved richly the compliment paid him by the manage-

ment in inviting him to take part in the first concert of the Philharmonic for the season, and in his admirable performance of Mendelssohn's G Minor Concerto (with full orchestra). . . . He was warmly applauded and received more than one floral token of approbation at the hands of the fair portion of the audience. We were glad to see him there on this occasion, as it gave him an opportunity of stamping on the minds of some of our most discriminating judges an idea of his genius and talent."

At the time of my arrival in New York there were many excellent pianists settled here—Timm, William Scharfenberg, Dresel, Fontana (a pupil of Chopin), the two Rackemanns, Louis and Frederic, and a little later William Vincent Wallace took up his residence in this city. The musical critics were also of the best; among others, Henry C. Watson Otis of the *Express*, and Richard Grant White of the *Courier and Enquirer*. An occasional "bravo" from

such men as these did much toward stimulating me in my public performances, and in furnishing me with an incentive to study and cultivate a higher grade of music than the general public demanded. My bravura playing always called forth abundant applause from my audiences, and it was a temptation to neglect the more serious music which alone can develop the true musician, but which at that time the musical patrons of New York were only willing to receive in small doses.

In December of the same year I started on a concert tour with Joseph Burke, which lasted until the spring. As I look back upon that winter of '49 I often wonder how we held out as long as we did, through all the trials and discomforts attendant upon such an enterprise. Travelling was primitive and slow; we went by boat whenever we could, as time was not of the same importance then as in these days of rapid transit. Concerts were postponed to suit

the weather, and as tickets were rarely secured in advance, we suffered the excitement of perpetual uncertainty as to the possible receipts from our entertainments.

We began our experiences in Albany, where Burke had many friends, and we gave two concerts in Boston. We also visited Worcester and Springfield, and went as far east as Portland. As we attended to our own advertising, it entailed the necessity of staying a day or two in each town before giving the concert, unless we could write in advance to a friend to herald our approach through the local papers. I recollect they told us at Newburyport that it would be useless to ask over twelve and a half cents for tickets, and I think we reduced them to twenty-five cents for that occasion. When our expenses were paid, my share of the profits in this town was under one dollar. Things were not quite so bad as this everywhere, however, as we managed to make our living out of it; but

the Eastern States proved a barren field for our efforts, and we turned our steps southward, going to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. We returned to New York in the spring, and afterward made a summer tour in the West, taking in Buffalo, Rochester, Detroit, Milwaukee, and even Chicago. Some figures of our receipts may illustrate the scale upon which these concerts were conducted.

	RECEIPTS	EXPENSES
First concert in Milwaukee .	$89.50	$16.95
First concert in Buffalo . .	40.00	24.75
First concert in Rochester . .	57.00	23.00
Three concerts in Montreal .	215.00	100.00

As tickets were always fifty cents, this represented fair audiences.

We often had difficulties in the smaller towns in procuring a piano, and I remember that in the town of Hamilton, Canada, we were in despair of finding one, when some public-spirited citizen offered to lend his square for the occasion, but with special

injunctions to return it the same night. The concert was given in the dining-room of the hotel and, when it was over, it devolved upon Burke and myself to see that the piano got safely back to its owner. The absence of any "help" at that hour made it necessary for us to do the moving ourselves, and as the dining-room was fortuately on the ground floor, we proceeded to wheel it out on its casters into the street and to push it in front of us to its owner's house, a distance of two or three blocks from the hotel, where we finally left it in safety. This illustrates the simplicity of our methods, and savors of the backwoods and early settlers. We were literally among the pioneers of art in this part of the country, and when I contrast our journey of 1849 with one I made last year [1895] over the same ground to Chicago, where I played for the first time since this early experience, it was hard to realize that such changes as I found were possible to have

occurred in a space of time covering less than fifty years.

On our return to New York we found every one in a state of excited expectancy over the approaching arrival of Jenny Lind. Mlle. Lind had been unwilling for some time to listen to any overtures from Barnum or to sign an agreement for an American tour. She even refused to see Mr. Wilton, his agent, in England. Mr. Wilton knew my father, however, and begged him to suggest some way by which he might secure an audience with the diva. My father introduced him to Sir George Smart, who had taught my sister, and also had given some lessons to Jenny Lind. He consented to give the agent a letter of introduction, begging her at least to see Mr. Wilton. This plan seems to have succeeded, for after this meeting she signed for the American engagement.

Never had singer or musician such a "réclame" as she. Crowds were on the

docks to witness the landing of the great songstress, crowds followed her to her hotel, and greater crowds were striving to obtain tickets to hear her sing.

Mr. E. C. Benedict, better known as The Commodore, tells the following anecdote of how as a boy he gained a free entrance to the first concert: "The price of tickets for Jenny Lind's first concert in America, in 1851, ranged from $10 to $100, at auction, for choice of seats, and $5 for promenaders. The top price [$300] was paid by John N. Genin, a prominent hatter of that period. I was passionately fond of music, but had not the means to buy a ticket. However, my curiosity to see the Swedish Nightingale (as she was called), and the conductor, Sir Julius Benedict, led me to place myself at the entrance to the bridge which then extended over water from the Battery to Castle Garden, where I felt sure I would catch a glimpse of those distinguished people as they passed in.

"An immense throng had passed without my having seen them, and just as I was about to depart a lad appeared, who had recently been a schoolmate, selling the 'Life and Songs of Jenny Lind.' Expressing to him my unbounded desire to hear her sing, he handed me a bunch of the books and appointed me as salesman. I accepted the position at once and made many sales. When the concert began I squared accounts with him and took my place among the standees. The programme stated that at the close of Part I any vacant seat could be occupied by a promenader. I discovered one in the very front row, and with the last expiring note of Part I, I dropped into it.

"This explains how I got some of Jenny Lind's notes without giving her any of mine."

It may not be generally known that after her first concert Jenny Lind broke her contract with Barnum, refusing to sing again

unless he changed the original terms, which were one thousand dollars a night for one hundred and fifty concerts and all expenses. When she found that the receipts for the first night were twenty-eight thousand dollars, she demanded one thousand dollars per night, and half the receipts after three thousand dollars, with all expenses paid. Barnum was wise enough to see that he had discovered a gold mine, and fell in with the singer's demands. On the voyage over Jenny Lind had met two young men, civil engineers, who had come to seek their fortunes in America. One was Charles Seyton, a Scotchman, and the other was Max Hjotzberg, a Swede. Young Max had fallen a victim to her attractions, and when she offered him a position as secretary for the American tour, he eagerly accepted, and remained with her throughout the whole period of her engagement. Seyton also was taken into her service, and his business was to watch the box-office, and

see to it that Jenny received her full share of the receipts according to the new contract. He was a good friend of mine, and lived with Burke and myself for some time, until he married. He became a successful business man and broker, of the firm of Seyton & Wainwright, the latter a son of the Bishop of New York.

It seemed a wonderful stroke of good fortune for me to receive at this time the following letter from P. T. Barnum, requesting me to join the company of artists who were to assist Mlle. Lind, and to appear at the first concert on September 11, at Castle Garden:

"BRIDGEPORT, *Aug. 14th*, 1850.

"RICHARD HOFFMAN, ESQ.,

"*Dear Sir:* By advice of Mr. Julius Benedict, I write to inform you that I will engage you to play for Jenny Lind's Concerts, etc., on the terms named by you and will sign an agreement to that effect on my arrival in New York about 25th inst.

"I expect that Miss Andrews (who I understand is your sister) will accompany Jenny Lind. I expect the 1st Concert will be given about the middle of Sept.

"Truly yours,

"P. T. Barnum."

Mr. Burke was also engaged as violinist and leader, or concert-meister, of the orchestra, and played at all the concerts given by Jenny Lind in this country. In places where no orchestra could be obtained, Burke and I generally began the concert with a duet, then each a solo, before the prima donna appeared. It is true that no other performance than the singing of Mlle. Lind counted for anything, and that the duet which I played at the first concert with Benedict (afterward Sir Julius), as the programme will show, was hardly listened to, so eager was the audience to compare notes and exchange its impressions of the wonderful singer. Nevertheless, it certainly gave me a start in my career, which many years

of ordinary concert-playing could never have done.

CASTLE GARDEN

FIRST APPEARANCE OF
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
ON
WEDNESDAY EVENING, 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1850

PROGRAMME

PART I

Overture (Oberon) . . . . . Weber

Aria, "Sorgete" (Maometto Secondo) . . Rossini
SIGNOR BELLETTI

Scena and Cavatina, "Casta Diva" (Norma) Bellini
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND

Duet on two Piano Fortes (Themes from Norma) Thalberg
MESSIEURS BENEDICT AND HOFFMAN

Duetto "Per piacer alla Signora," (Il Turco in Italia) . . . . . Rossini
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND AND SIGNOR BELLETTI

PART II

Overture (The Crusaders) . . . . . Benedict

Trio for the Voice and two Flutes, composed expressly for Mademoiselle Jenny Lind (Camp of Silesia) . . . . . Meyerbeer
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
FLUTES, MESSRS. KYLE AND SIEDE

Cavatina, "Largo al Factotum" (Il Barbiere)
Rossini

SIGNOR BELLETTI

"The Herdsman's Song," more generally known as "The Echo Song"

MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND

"The Welcome to America," written expressly for this occasion by Bayard Taylor, Esq. Benedict

MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND

Conductor . . . . . M. Benedict

The Orchestra will consist of Sixty Performers, including the first instrumental talent in the country.

Price of tickets Three Dollars. Choice of places will be sold by Auction at Castle Garden.

Doors open at six o'clock. Concert to commence at eight o'clock.

No checks will be issued.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind's Second Grand Concert will be given at Castle Garden on Friday evening, 13th instant.

Chickering's Grand Pianos will be used at the first Concert.

The pleasure I obtained from hearing this wonderful artist so frequently was in itself an education not to be overestimated. As I remember her voice, it was not so brilliant as it was deliciously rounded, and of

an exquisite musical timbre. It possessed great volume, and what seemed an inexhaustible reserve force. She had a most attractive personality, and nothing could have been more naïve and charming than her manner on the stage. She would trip on and off, as if in an ecstasy of delight at the opportunity of singing, bowing and smiling to her audience, and giving every one present a flattering sense of contributing in a measure toward the success of the evening. She had three or four songs which showed the wonderful compass and power of her voice, and one or more of these was called for at every concert. A Swedish Echo Song in which she would echo her own voice by a sort of ventriloquism that was quite marvellous, and another in which she made a remarkable diminuendo, reaching a pianissimo as faint as a sigh, but with a carrying power that made it distinctly audible at the most extreme limits of Castle Garden or Tripler Hall, where the later concerts were

given. This was a fine building situated in Broadway and Bond Street, and just finished in time for the second series of concerts. The hall had fine acoustic advantages, and it was a great loss to the city when it was destroyed by fire a few years later. The Winter Garden was afterward built on the same site.

One of the most haunting things to me was her singing of Taubert's bird song—"I know not why I am singing." Her shake was the finest I ever heard, so close and even as to be altogether perfect. Her voice, which she said herself was naturally stiff and stubborn, she had educated and practised into such a degree of perfection that her roulades and cadenzas were unparalleled in their execution. In her sacred songs she rose to the sublime, and on one occasion as she finished singing the aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth," I recollect that Daniel Webster, who was seated in the centre of the balcony, rose from his seat and

Jenny Lind

made her a profound bow. Her rapt expression of face and never-ending volume of voice made her appear like some inspired seraph delivering a divine message.

She was indebted to Sir George Smart, with whom she had studied in England, for all the traditional renderings of oratorio parts, he being at that time the greatest living authority in this school of music, but her vocal training was done under Manuel Garcia in Paris.

In a short work recently published in London, entitled "Jenny Lind, Her Vocal Art and Cadenze," written by U. S. Rockstro and edited by Otto Goldschmidt, an account is given of her studies with Garcia and the methods by which she attained to some of her most wonderful achievements. She had completed her twenty-first year before she had an opportunity of studying under his guidance, but she remained with him over a year and left him, the most remarkable virtuosa of her time, or perhaps

of all time. The work tells us that "previous to this her voice had been seriously impaired by the pernicious methods and fatiguing concert tours to which it had been subjected in Sweden," and adds that "the great secret of her perfect mastery over all technical difficulties lay in the fortunate circumstance that Signor Garcia was so very particular about the breathing . . . she learned to fill her lungs with such dexterity that except with her consent it was impossible to detect either the moment at which the breath was renewed or the method by which the action was accomplished."

Belletti, one of the assisting artists of the troupe, was a very beautiful singer with a pure, vibrant Italian voice, but with a most amusing pronunciation of the English language. His singing of "Why do ze nazzions so fooriosely raage zu geder?" could not be heard without an audible smile from the audience.

The other members of the company were

Salvi and Badiali, and later Otto Goldschmidt as pianist. There was always a good orchestra of about sixty or seventy, and it was at one of these concerts that Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" was given for the first time in this country. When Otto Goldschmidt joined the company it became evident from Jenny Lind's devotion to him that he was destined to become her husband. Sometimes the audiences broke out in a tumult of impatience during his performance of Thalberg's long fantasias, and Mlle. Lind—who always appeared in the wings while he was playing—took this means of silencing their murmurs of dissatisfaction. Her own rapt attention to the piano numbers made it impossible for the audience to assert itself, and her presence on the stage compensated in a measure for this delay before her next appearance.

While we were in Boston it was arranged to give the last two concerts at the enor-

mous hall over the Fitchburg Railroad Station. Barnum, by some miscalculation of the floor space, had sold many hundred more tickets than the place would hold, and the result was one of the most enraged crowds I ever beheld. I arrived rather late at the hall, and not being able to find any rear door to the stage, I had to explain my situation to the police at the entrance, and by their aid managed to get inside the doors. The aisles were so blocked with people that it was simply impossible to make any progress, and it was finally suggested by some enterprising man that I should be lifted up and passed over the heads of the people until I reached the stage. It was not unlike being tossed in a blanket, but I was a youth of slim proportions and finally reached the footlights rather more dead than alive, and very much disordered in my general appearance. I was put together, however, and took my place on the programme without causing

any delay. I think this was the only time when a concert was given in a railway station; a place more obviously unsuited to a musical occasion could hardly have been devised, and we were all indignant at the management for transferring us thither from Tremont Temple, where the previous concerts had been given.

Jenny Lind made many warm friends in this country, and it was at the house of Mr. Samuel Ward, of Boston, that her marriage with Otto Goldschmidt was solemnized by Doctor (afterward Bishop) Wainwright. She always retained a sincere regard for the American character and some extracts from one of her letters will show how truly she appreciated all that was best in our people, although she was in no wise blind to their undeveloped artistic tastes nor the unusual methods of her impresario. It is addressed to Joseph Burke, with whom she kept up a desultory correspondence for many years, and whom she was ever ready

to welcome to her home near London when chance led him to visit the Old World.

"Dresden, 17 *Feby*, 1853.

"My Dear Friend: It was with a very great pleasure that I received and read your kind, friendly letter of the 1st of January, and many thoughts wandered through my head when I reflected upon the many changes that have taken place since our first New Year's Eve together in Charleston! It is a beautiful thing in life to find Persons we can esteem and feel friendship for, and you are certainly one of those who have many times cheered me and made me to believe in solid friendship, and I for my part shall always feel interested in your welfare and happiness.

"I often think of America, it is the new world that is true; *there* is active life and room to take breath, while Europe is old, quite a Grandmother to the rest of the world. Here are thousands of beautiful things certainly, and life in Europe is rich and full of Art and Poetry, but except England there is here everywhere great *infidelity*, great want of moral activity. People here mostly misunderstand life's claim, object, and end—and this makes *me* to feel a stranger. Surrounded

though I am by Kind People I feel already as if I was to spend my whole life in Germany, my soul and my faculties would remain undeveloped for want of such examples as I have seen in England and in America, and yet how many good qualities do the Germans possess, but—the *Pride* makes them blind—and Pride is our greatest and most dangerous *foe*.

"We are thank God very well, but I have nevertheless been obliged to make up my mind not to sing at all (I mean in public) this winter for indeed my head and my nerves wanted rest if I am to regain my former Powers once more. America, the anxiety I experienced there every time I sang to a 'Barnumish' House (you will understand all I mean with that only word) has put me down very considerably and my whole iron constitution was necessary to resist as well as I did. The *tranquility* I enjoy now does me much good I feel, and my voice is in perfect order, so that it is a great sacrifice for me not to sing.

"That you did not go to California was in my opinion very wise, you would have regretted your voyage I fear. And Miss Barnum married! She is a good-hearted Person, may she have found the man that can make her happy!

"I wished that you had some nice raisonable Pupils that could cheer you up in your fatiguant lessons as a Music Teacher, but I know well from experience how seldom one finds a little more than commonplace mediocrity in the musical *geniuses* of the Family celebrities! I remember your playing like that great Pianist with the chromatic passage with the right hand, how we used to laugh then. Poor my Max,*—I knew he would have dark days before him, but it will come right again I hope, as he has the gift of throwing off many trials with a real *patte de chat*. He is to a very high degree violent in his temper, and only hard circumstances will put him down. Our education in London is so foolish, that instead of smoothing down our by nature volcanic, they do all they can to tune us up still higher, and this is a great misfortune.

"Mr. Goldschmidt begs me to send you his best compliments, he continues to make justice to my opinion of a true, uninterested friend of mine, he is very kind and faithful to me, bears with great patience and mildness my many infirmities, and my impulsive nature gets smoothed by his equal and dignified temper. God bless

* Mlle Lind's secretary, Max Hjotzberg.

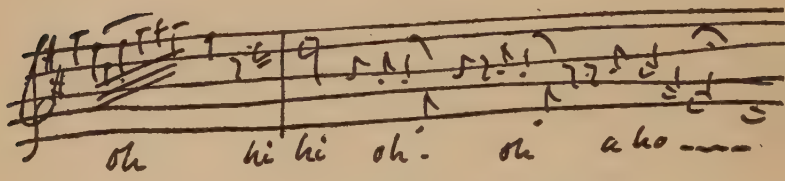
and lead him on in the right way, as I have every reason to love and respect him.

"Miss Ahmanssen is always the same self-sacrificing friend to both of us with her whole heart and true affection, she has been the greatest use to me through her experience in everything and my little —— begins to walk better with every day. John has been with us again all since the month of June but now we send him away again—Little —— was left in England she was so ill.

"Our journey through Switzerland was very delightful. That is nature! how beautiful those snowy mountains with their everlasting Winter. I was delighted to look up to those summits into which no human Pride ever will climb but in his *thoughts!* And the German must feel sullen, angry, not to be able to tell what century that *buildt* them.

"I expect that you like Alboni's singing (although she is rather fat as a person!) 'tis true from years ago at least, she sang beautifully with feeling, taste and understanding, pity that she has spoiled (broken) her voice by making it a high Soprano, she is by nature intended a Contralto. And now—God bless you and protect you, my

dear J:—may you remain in good health and Spirit 'till we meet again! Give my best compliments and kindest regards to your family. Mr. G:—also begs to be most kindly remembered to you all, and I remain now and always your old (new) acquaintance and friend [1]



"JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT,
"*born* LIND."

Another letter from Sir Julius Benedict seems to show that he, too, had formed some pleasant friendships on our shores and carried back with him agreeable memories of his visit to our country.

"2 MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON,
"31st *March*, 1856.

"DEAR BURKE: I have been so much occupied of late that I could not immediately answer your kind letter of last month, but I can assure

[1] Cadenza from the famous "Echo Song."

you I am quite happy to think that you have not forgotten your old friend. I delivered your note to Madame Goldschmidt who as well as her husband and my Godchild are in excellent health and spirits. Their success is even greater than in 1847 and 1848. The receipts of the concerts can only be compared with the best in the United States, and instead of flagging the excitement is on the increase. They have now left for a tour in the provinces of 7 to 8 weeks, with Ernst and Piatti, but this being the busiest time for me I could not accompany them; I expect them, however, back about the 10th of May, and they then will perform again for the first time at my concert on Wednesday, May 21st. You have heard no doubt of the burning of Covent Garden Theatre. Lumley is to open early in May with Bottesini as Musical Director, Albertina, Piccolomini, Viardot as Prima Donnas. Beaucarde, Salviani (whom you have heard at New York) Tenors, Everardi, Angelini as Bassos. Gye has the old favorites with Costa and will open about the 21st April at the Lyceum. The English Opera at Drury Lane with Lucy Escott—and Drayton does a tolerable business. I have accepted the Conductorship of the new Philharmonic con-

jointly with Dr. Wylde. What you told me of P. T. Barnum has quite taken me by surprise. Why could not he let well enough alone with the enormous wealth he has collected? I saw poor Le Grand Smith at one of Mde. Goldschmidt's concerts just two days before he sailed in the ill-fated *Pacific*. What a horrible story if she should be lost! Mr. Wilton has just turned up again from Australia where he accompanied G. W. Brooke the Actor. I am glad to see that you keep up your violin playing and that you performed my favorite Concerto at one of the Philharmonic meetings, which I have already heard was quite successful. Belletti is still at Genoa, where he has been singing, but where his career was stopped for a considerable time by illness. I shall give him your friendly greetings. Pray remember me to Hoffman, Timm, Scharfenberg, Rackemann and all those who yet remember me. I very often think of the happy days we passed together, our Chess Battles, and your beautiful Country where I received so much kindness on all sides and which I fear I shall never see again,

"Believe me, my dear Burke,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"Jules Benedict."

Richard Hoffman

So much has been written of the wonderful tour of Jenny Lind through the United States that it would seem as if nothing more was left to be said. Her triumphs and her charities went hand and hand, and a quotation from Rosenberg's book, now out of print, describing her first year in this country will show in what high esteem she was held by every one: "She must not be estimated alone as the greatest vocalist who has ever appeared before the lovers of melody on these shores, or on those of Europe. She is essentially one of the noblest, most self-denying and most charitable of living women. None who have met her and known her can doubt this, as none with whom she has at any time been connected can fail of appreciating her warm and kindly nature."

The people of New York and Boston had received a strong musical impulse from the Lind concerts, and it was not astonishing to find them ready to extend as warm, if not

as excited, a reception to Thalberg as they had to Jenny Lind. He was not managed by such a showman as P. T. Barnum, but he was well heralded by Ullmann, and I distinctly remember the intense curiosity with which the audience awaited his first performance in Niblo's concert room in the autumn of 1855. He was the first really great pianist of European fame to come to this country, and he was known to have divided the honors and opinions of the Old World with Liszt himself. It is true De Meyer had been here and had in turn astonished and charmed his audiences by his immense *tours de force* and his delicate touch, while Gottschalk, fresh from his Parisian triumphs, had also been heard and admired, but the colossal reputation of a Thalberg had worked up the pitch of expectancy to fever-heat. It was not a trifling incident of the day or week to go to one of these concerts, but a much-coveted privilege eagerly sought for and anticipated as a rare

treat. At the matinees, always largely attended by ladies, quite a social feature was added by the serving of tea and light confectionery during the entr'actes.

Thalberg was immensely successful, giving as many as three concerts in a day, one in the morning and evening in New York, and a third in the afternoon in Brooklyn. His repertoire consisted only of about twelve of his own fantasias, but these were played with absolute perfection. There is no doubt that the great players of the last generation were much more perfect in technical finish than those of the present time who play everything from Bach to Liszt. Thalberg was wise enough to avoid all compositions which he felt did not belong to his peculiar genre; he did not encroach upon the classics, and consequently he never scored any failures. He knew his limitations, but he did not allow others to discover them. He was satisfied to be successful in his own compositions, which still

remain the best operatic transcriptions extant. His perfect virtuosity was the result of untiring labor. Vincent Wallace once told me that he had heard him practise two bars of his "Don Pasquale" Fantasia in the octave variation on the Serenade for a whole night, never leaving the piano until sunrise. I gave my warmest sympathy to Wallace, but I confess to have enjoyed very keenly the result of the night's work. I think I heard him every time he played in New York, as Ullmann sent me an entrée to the concerts for the season. I had always been an ardent apostle of his methods, and the more I heard him the more I felt his claim on my admiration.

Later in the same year Thalberg and Gottschalk joined forces and played some duets for two pianos at the Niblo concerts. One in particular, on themes from "Trovatore," composed by both of them, and which I have never seen in print, was wonderfully effective and created the most tremendous

Sigismond Thalberg

furore and excitement. A remarkable double shake which Thalberg played in the middle of the piano, while Gottschalk was flying all over the keyboard in the "Anvil Chorus," produced the most prodigious volume of tone I ever heard from the piano.

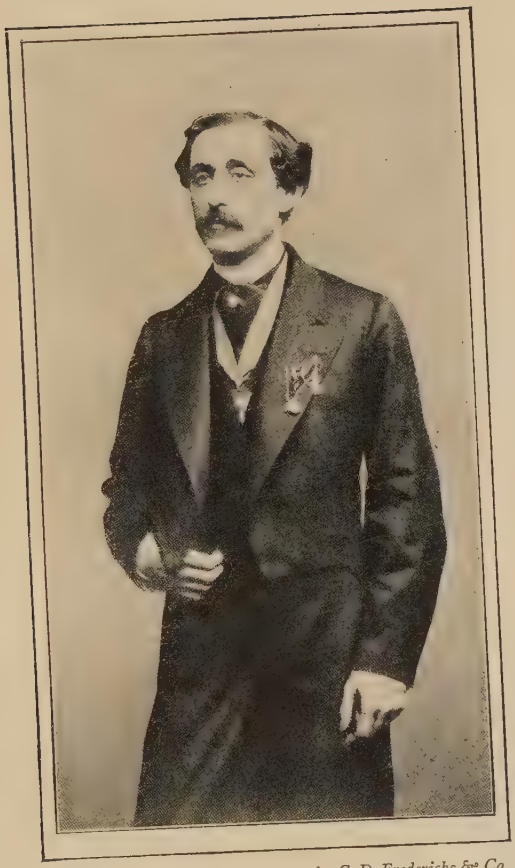
Gottschalk and Thalberg brought their own European grand pianos with them, the former used a Pleyel, and the latter an Erard, but finding the Chickering grands so satisfactory they both adopted them, as the foreign pianos suffered very much from our changeable climate. The retirement of Thalberg and Gottschalk practically ended the reign of those artists, who devoted their whole energies and talents to the perfection of execution, and for this end chiefly used their own compositions as mediums of virtuosity. If Gottschalk's reputation as an artist of the first rank has been somewhat dimmed by succeeding virtuosi as well as by the change which has taken place in the taste of the musical pub-

lic, he nevertheless stood alone as master of a style all his own. Possessed of the languid, emotional nature of the tropics, his music recalled the land of his birth and the traits of his people. He became at one time the rage in society; he was overwhelmed with attentions from the fair sex, and was sought after both in public and private. He must have been completely overpowered by these testimonies of esteem had he not been endowed with more strength of character than is generally accorded to him. I knew him well, and always found him a generous and sympathizing friend, ever ready to aid in advancing my career, and according to me all the credit which was my due. I often assisted him at his concerts in duets for two pianos, one on themes from Verdi's "Jerusalem," another his own arrangement of "William Tell," and after his return from Cuba we played his Cuban dances for two performers on one piano.

At his second concert in New York, after his return from Paris, he chose to play Weber's "Concertstück," rather a strange choice, as it was physically impossible for him to execute the octave glissando passages as marked, from a habit of biting his nails to such an extent that his fingers were almost devoid of them, and a glissando under these circumstances was out of the question. He substituted an octave passage, played from the wrist with alternate hands, very cleverly to be sure, but missing a good deal of the desired effect. He was so persistent in this habit of biting his nails that I have known the keys to be covered with blood when he had finished playing. It was the fashion at that time always to wear white gloves with evening dress, and his manner of taking them off, after seating himself at the piano, was often a very amusing episode. His deliberation, his perfect indifference to the waiting audience was thoroughly manifest, as he slowly drew

them off one finger at a time, bowing and smiling meanwhile to the familiar faces in the front rows. Finally disposing of them, he would manipulate his hands until they were quite limber, then preludize until his mood prompted him to begin his selection on the programme. He devoted himself almost entirely to his own compositions, which were full of character and charm, and he remains to-day the one American composer of genuine originality, the "Bamboula," "Marche de Nuit," "Le Bananier," "Jota Aragonesa," and others too numerous to mention bearing abundant testimony of his genius.

I have often seen him arrive at a concert in no mood for playing, and declare that he would not appear; that an excuse might be made, but that he would not play. He cared no more for the public than if he had been in a private drawing-room where he could play or not as he pleased; but a little coaxing and a final *push* would drive him on



From a photograph, copyright, 1861, by C. D. Fredericks & Co.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk

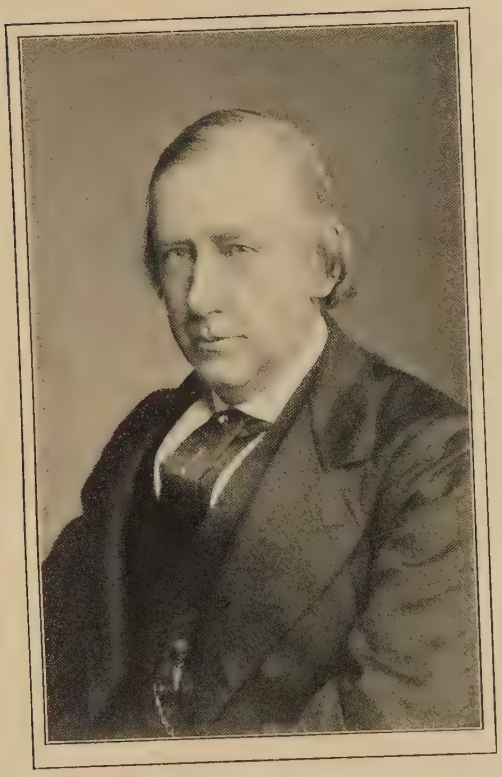
to the stage, and after a few moments the fire would kindle and he would play with all the brilliancy which was so peculiarly his own. He was possessed of a ringing, scintillating touch, which, joined to a poetic charm of expression, seemed to sway the emotions of his audience with almost hypnotic power.

His eyes were the striking feature of his face, large and dark with peculiarly drooping lids, which always appeared half closed as he played. There must be some youthful grandmothers in New York to-day who have experienced the charm of their magnetic albeit languorous glances.

There was much that was sad and painful about his death, which occurred at Rio, in 1869. A mystery hung over his last days which has never been clearly explained. All that we know is recorded by his sister, who edited his book, published in 1881, and entitled "Notes of a Pianist." These notes,

originally written in French, are so full of spirit and local color that one is almost inclined to believe that Gottschalk, had he lived, might have been as prolific and original with his pen as he was in his music.

After I had been in America eight or nine years I frequently went abroad to pass the summer, and it was during one of these visits I first met Charles Hallé. I met him one day at Broadwood's, where he was choosing a piano to play upon at a matinee that afternoon at the Musical Union. He made me try it for him, and invited me to go to the concert and hear him play. He gave some selections of Chopin, and later at St. James's Hall I heard him in some of the last "Sonatas" of Beethoven. He had formerly played all of the sonatas by heart, but was not doing so then, and used an invention for turning the leaves which was acted upon by a pedal worked with the right



Charles Hallé

foot. Although he was among the first to play all the Beethoven sonatas by heart, he no longer felt able to continue the mental strain of this herculean task.

England was justly proud of this great artist, whom she claimed for her own, conferring upon him the highest honors reserved for her choicest talent and most esteemed subjects.

I made the acquaintance of Ernest Lubeck at this time—about 1863—and heard him play at the London Philharmonic Mendelssohn's "D Minor Concerto," and at the Musical Union Beethoven's "E Flat Sonata" and the last movement of Mendelssohn's organ "Sonata in F." We afterward travelled together to Paris, where I dined at his house. He introduced me to a new set of études he had just composed, very clever and effective. I had sent some of my pupils to him, who were going abroad for musical study, and he showed me much kindness and hospitality. I learned with

regret that he died soon afterward. I played his "Grand Polonaise" at one of the Philharmonic concerts in New York, but it failed to make the effect I had hoped.

Another interesting episode of the summer was my acquaintance with the Misses Leech, sisters of John Leech of *Punch*. I spent many pleasant musical evenings at their house, usually accompanied by my friend, Giulio Regondi. It was my delight to study over and over again the clever sketches by their brother, with which the walls of their house were literally covered, and seeing my interest in them they made me the happy possessor of two, adding to them a photograph of John Leech himself, taken from life. These ladies started a school soon after their brother's death, but the sale of his sketches at Christies' in London in April, 1866, must have placed them beyond the necessity of any bread-winning labors for the remainder of their lives.

Richard Hoffman

Lord Ronald Gower in his "Reminiscences" mentions that some of the water-color sketches brought one hundred pounds apiece, while those in pen and ink and pencil sold at proportionately high prices. His success in character-sketching was perhaps equalled, though never surpassed, by the late George du Maurier. But Du Maurier was doubly gifted as artist and writer, and probably no man ever enjoyed a greater notoriety than came to him after the publication of "Trilby." The craze, or the malady, for it amounted to that, attacked all sorts and conditions of men, and I was so far infected by it as to compile an album of Trilby music, including the melody of "Ben Bolt." The authenticity of the latter being questioned, and another tune discovered set to the same inspiring words, I determined to try and find out if mine was correct and the one intended by the author. I wrote a little note to him, sending at the same time a copy of the

music, and not long after received the following reply:

"*Feby* 3d, 95,
"New Grove House,
"Hempstead Heath.

"Dear Sir: Many thanks for the Trilby music, you make me proud indeed. The tune you have put to Ben Bolt is the tune I meant—I didn't know there was another.

"Pray believe me
"Very truly yours,
"George du Maurier."

In looking backward over the past twenty-five years of musical events in this country I would signalize the following as among the most important: The coming of Christine Nilsson in 1870, the concert season of Anton Rubinstein, and the three engagements of Dr. Hans von Bülow. Add to these the great musical festival of New York in 1881, at the Seventh Regiment Armory, conducted by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and those of Cincinnati, which

did so much to awaken the musical taste of the West and to open out a hitherto undiscovered country to those of the profession who were beginning to find the East overcrowded with aspirants. Of these the first two were perhaps the most emotional in their interest and influence, and the last two the most essentially educational. The foreground of this summary contains Tschaikowsky, Dvořák, Paderewski, and the modern opera-singers, all of whom are too near us to judge clearly of their influence upon the future of musical development, or to come under the head of "Recollections." [1]

It is true that many singers and musicians of note had come and gone in the interval since Jenny Lind and Thalberg, but there had been none since these whose reputation and advent had awakened such lively interest as that aroused by the engagement of Christine Nilsson. Great

[1] This was written in 1897.

preparations were made for her reception. Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, who was at that time President of the Philharmonic Society, had issued cards of invitation to all the musical profession and amateurs of New York to meet Mlle. Nilsson at a reception which he gave in her honor at his house, then standing on the corner of Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue. It was during this entertainment that the Philharmonic Orchestra tendered her a serenade and offered the Swedish singer a welcome to America. This house, which has long since disappeared, stood far back from the street, and the gardens in front afforded an excellent vantage-ground for the orchestra to station itself. I was present on this occasion and recall with pleasure the charming and affable manners of Mlle. Nilsson, who made a most agreeable impression on every one. She was at this time tall and graceful, with an abundance of blonde hair, made more striking by her

dark eyebrows and deep-set gray eyes. She had just come from the Grand Opera in Paris, where she had created the parts of *Mignon* and *Ophelia* in these operas of Ambroise Thomas, and her conception of *Marguerite* in "Faust" and of *Valentine* in the "Huguenots" was superlatively fine. We have rarely, if ever, had a finer actress on the operatic stage, whose divas up to this time had seldom developed great histrionic ability. Grisi, it is true, had her moments of dramatic power in "Norma" and the "Huguenots," but Nilsson might have won fame without her musical gifts by her splendid impersonations in tragedy and melodrama. In 1873, Campanini joined the Strakosch Company and sang with Nilsson in all her best parts. His voice, then fresh and smooth, possessed many charming qualities. Like Nilsson's, his acting was superb, and together they have given some of the finest representations in Italian opera we have ever had in this country.

In recalling the serenade of the Philharmonic Society to Mlle. Nilsson I am reminded of a custom now fallen into desuetude, but which at the time I speak of was a favorite method of bestowing a marked compliment upon any one whom you wished particularly to honor. The serenade was not only offered to visitors of distinction, but prevailed extensively as a delicate attention which you might pay to the lady of your choice. It was thought the proper thing at that period for a man to engage the best brass band he could afford and to proceed with it after midnight to the house of his preferred, and then to stand beneath her windows while the musicians played their most sentimental and amorous selections. It was not an uncommon sound, even, to hear a double quartette of male voices, with a French horn thrown in, singing beneath the windows of some favored damsel, while paterfamilias, or the butler, made ready some light refreshment for the

donors of this graceful compliment. These romantic attentions have taken flight with the advent of electric lights, elevated railroads, and other voices of the night, but thirty-five or forty years ago even New York had a few hours of stillness after midnight, and the night watchmen lent an indulgent ear to these revellers, who would doubtless be locked up as disturbers of the peace did they hazard such an enterprise under our modern *régime.*

If I pass somewhat hastily over the Rubinstein epoch, it is not because I was insensible to its influence. I shall never forget the magnificent *en train* of his playing nor the nobility of his style, but as I had no personal acquaintance with Rubinstein beyond an introduction and a few words of greeting I cannot enlarge upon his characteristics. I recall, however, his rather startling reply, when I asked him what he was to play at his first concert: "To play?" he answered gloomily. "What matters it

what I play!—but I answer your question certainly," and he mentioned several compositions.

I saw much more of Hans von Bülow, who came to the Chickerings in 1875. We met frequently in an informal way, and I played with him two or three times in public, once in the D minor "Triple Concerto" of Bach, with accompaniment of double string quartette and double bases added, and also in the concerto for four pianos, when a pupil of his and one of mine took the third and fourth pianos.[1] I first met him at Mr. Frank Chickering's, and as he asked me to play for him I began with some of my own compositions, which I thought might interest him more than those with which he was so entirely familiar. In reply to his complimentary criticism I said they were "only trifles," to which he quickly answered: "But trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." His

[1] Miss Marion Brown; Mrs. C. B. Foote.

wit was ever ready, and his quick repartee and dry humor made him a most entertaining companion. His audiences at Chickering Hall were composed of the most cultured amateurs of New York as well as those of the profession, and one saw the same people at each concert in their regular places. His programmes were followed with the greatest attention, and all those who were privileged to assist at this series of musical entertainments must have been sensible of the atmosphere of intellectual enthusiasm which pervaded them.

Von Bülow made the usual tour of the West at this time, but refused to do so when he came in 1884. He was particularly amused at the musical criticisms of his playing by the local newspapers of the Western cities, and kept a scrap-book in which he preserved a large number of these choice specimens of *belles-lettres* accompanied by marginal comments of his own. These contained rare bits of caustic wit and

would afford a feast of amusement to-day could they be reproduced in fac-simile and given to the public. This scrap-book was in the possession of the Baroness von Overbeck, a very beautiful American who had married a German baron. She was a fine musician herself, and during the first and second Von Bülow engagements happened to be in this country. She attended all the concerts in New York, Washington, and other Eastern cities, and soon found the maëstro ready to lay his homage at her feet, and with it this most diverting record of his Western experiences.

During his third visit, in 1889, when Von Bülow was giving his Beethoven Cycles, and performing the colossal feat of playing all the Sonatas by heart, I persuaded him to come to one of my Trio afternoons given at a private house, when a Bach programme was to be played. One of the numbers was the first "Prelude" with Gounod's "Ave Maria" melody, to which he ob-

jected, saying he liked his Bach unadulterated. He soon entered into the spirit of the music, however, and constituted himself an impromptu conductor. When the string quartette, which accompanied the concertos for two pianos, played a little too loud, he did not hesitate to hush them down very audibly. He seemed to enjoy the programme highly, and one of my pupils, who played in the concerto for two pianofortes, was considerably dismayed when the doctor insisted on turning the leaves for her.

I went one evening to hear a Brahms programme, given at a club meeting, when Von Bülow was present. A sonata for piano and violin was played from a proof-copy of the doctor's, and when the performance was over he took the music from the desk and presented it to me, which may have struck the performers as hardly fair to them, as I had taken no part in it. But he was an impulsive spirit and it would not have helped matters had I asked him to

amend his preferences, hence I still keep the copy, which I value very much.

The following letter came to me from him in acknowledgment of the dedication of one of my compositions which I sent to him soon after his return to Germany in 1889.

"Hamburg, 5th of Jan'y, 1890.

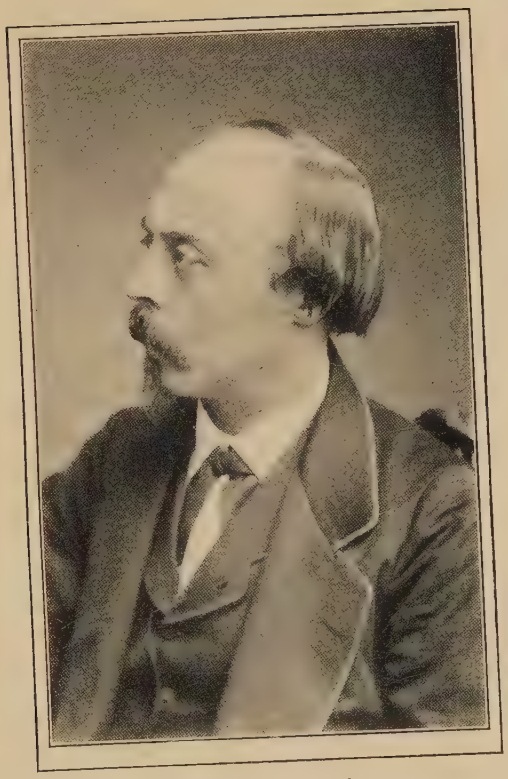
"Dear Sir:

and Worship—Companion

for the Heroes Bach, Beethoven and Brahms!

"I feel most unhappy that you must have considered for many weeks my poor self as a first rate ruffian because I did not answer sooner your kind note. But of course the curse of letters going astray occurs very often in my wandering life and the heaping of epistles from everywhere.

"Now—revising and putting in order my papers at the threshold of the New Year—finally I got repossessing your flattering lines. Accept please one hundred and eleven thanks for the honor you will bestow upon me your E♭ Minor Scherzo. With best regards to Mrs.



Dr. Hans von Bülow

Hoffman and heartiest albeit retarded greetings of the Season, I remain dear Sir,

"Yours most truly,

"HANS VON BÜLOW."

Between the first and second visits to this country, he had married a woman of unusual culture, charm, and intelligence, who has recently edited with great ability several volumes of his letters, published in Germany and America soon after his death. It is gratifying to know that in her devotion and sympathetic companionship he must have found compensation for the troubles and sorrows of his first matrimonial experience.

There is no doubt but the musical world of to-day is strongly dominated by Wagner. Musical thought is unconsciously influenced by any school of music that suddenly supplants the old traditions, and it is difficult for composers to avoid a certain imitation of so subtle and powerful a style as that of Richard Wagner.

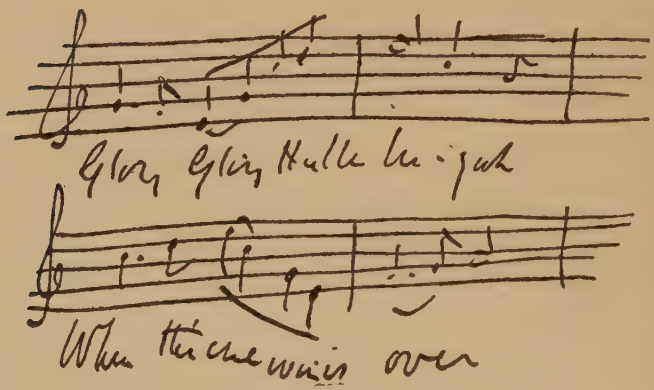
If the old laws of composition interfere with his inspiration, he discards them and makes his own—but he produces tonal effects that are superlatively fine. We all crave new sensations, and he has given them to us—sometimes, perhaps, at too great length, since we are mortals and the "sublime" will "weary" if not withdrawn before nature is exhausted. But who has interpreted with greater fascination the sounds of the forest or the rippling of waters, the song of the bird or the crackling of flames! Add to these the love *motifs*, the picturesque settings of his operas all planned by him, and the stupendous task of adapting the old legends and myths into poems that hold your interest and attention through hours of representation, and you have before you the work of a Titan that claims the admiration of the world.

It is often a subject of wonder to people how anything new can be evolved from

such well-worn material as the old musical gamut—or scale—but it is, after all, only a framework, and inspiration has its own tools. We do not criticise the sacred fire if it consumes our oldest traditions. Perhaps the story of Balfe's method of finding melodies when inspiration failed may be new to some. He would put the letters of the musical alphabet on separate bits of paper, duplicating each letter several times, then draw them out from a hat, one by one, and note them down, having previously decided upon his key and time. The reiterated notes of some of his melodies certainly warrant the truth of this:

And still another of the composer of the "Glory Hallelujah" chorus of war-time fame, who, in consequence of its popularity, turned the tune upside down and manu-

factured "When this cruel war is over," and garnered another good harvest:



But these tricks are unworthy and only fit for the factory which is now striving to enter into competition with the handiwork of the musician, and to give to the world, by means of mechanical contrivances, what he has paid for perhaps with his life's blood. They will have their success and their day of triumph, but they cannot survive.

It has often amused me to look for musical resemblances; there are so many curi-

ous instances of the same musical phrase being conceived by different great composers. It is perhaps remarkable that they do not occur oftener. I have discarded many of my own compositions that I thought rather good, because some one, perhaps one of my own children, would say upon hearing it: "Oh, father, that is just like so and so!" naming possibly some well-known composition. I usually found they were right in their diagnosis, and I would decide to change the treatment or, more often, give up the case.

If it were possible to look as far into the future as I have into the past, I might predict that the great composers of the twentieth century would be found in America. To-day, even, we can name several of whom we are justly proud. Who knows, indeed, but the descendant of the native Indian will be capable of singing the songs of the forest primeval, the rush of the cataract, and the legends of his vanished tribe,

in harmonies as yet unheard or even imagined? I am told that given the usual advantages of an ordinary education, it takes but one generation from the full-blooded savage to make an excellent orthodox divinity student, as well as a good American citizen with right of suffrage. If the road is so short from the prairie to the pulpit, and from the wigwam—shall we say to the White House?—why may not music look for a new prophet among this people so amenable to the influences of civilization? They have ever been a silent race, given to but slight interchange in language; it is not impossible that they should eventually find their inspiration in music, and wring from our well-nigh exhausted gamut tonal effects hitherto unknown.

The testimonial concert which was tendered to me at Chickering Hall on December 1, 1897, in celebration of my fifty years of musical work in this country, led me to search the archives of memory for

Richard Hoffman, 1893

these musical recollections. Scattered and incomplete as they are, I dedicate them to those who have been my friends and pupils in the course of this long period, and who have helped me by their encouragement and appreciation to feel that my labors in the cause we have loved have not been in vain.

HOW TO STIMULATE THOUGHT AND IMAGINATION IN A PUPIL

By Richard Hoffman

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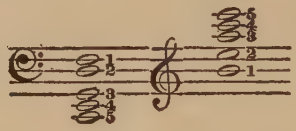
SO much of the individuality of the teacher must enter into his musical instruction to others, that it is difficult for him to see himself as others see him and to describe with any accuracy the way in which he achieves his results. While I do not undervalue the necessity of technical studies, it has always seemed to me that undue attention is being given to them, often to the exclusion of the higher education in music. Of course, the fingers must be trained by a course of technique full of unaccustomed difficulties, which finally leaves us free to think of higher things. But evenness of tone and of touch are not everything—in fact, nothing *per se*—for we can combine both in the mechanical pianos and organs so much in vogue at the present time. When an artistic player is heard, it is the variety of tone, the infinite shading, expression, and feeling, which charm and uplift us. And these are not all the result of technical study. He must have gone deeper than this; and although

it is wisely said that poets and artists are born, not made, I think it possible to awaken the faculties of appreciation, which, added to perseverance and zeal, produce a disciple not unworthy of the master.

A technical stumbling-block to advanced pupils arises from the fact that most of the great modern composers for the pianoforte had very large hands. Henselt, Chopin, and Rubinstein have all written études which are simply impossible for small hands, and I give here the position in which Henselt is said to have placed his fingers upon the keyboard, keeping them there while he read a book held open upon the music-desk:



Hands capable of maintaining this position could play his Étude No. 5, Op. 2, Book I, or Chopin's Étude No. 8, Op. 25, Book II, with comparative ease. Different methods must of necessity be adopted to increase the extension of the fingers. Some

pupils have hands so pliable that they can bend the fingers back until they touch the arm; others, again, cannot bend them at all. The average extension of a woman's hand is a ninth, a tenth being rarely reached on the white keys.

It is a familiar experience to find the appetite of the pupil for some coveted piece bringing him safely through difficulties apparently insurmountable. For this reason I put the art of interpretation before overmuch technical study. The passion for playing will stimulate the technique of the pupil and create resources by its own desire. Reflection and comparison furnish food for imagination. I try to induce my pupils to make an analysis of whatever they may be studying, and also to stimulate research, by asking questions like the following: "Why is it that the great composers in depicting a storm have invariably chosen the minor key?—Rossini in the 'Overture to William Tell,' Beethoven in the 'Pastoral Symphony,' Spohr in his 'Power of Sound,' Wagner in his 'Walküre' prelude." Also, "Why should the chord of the diminished seventh be always used when the devil appears upon the scene?—

Weber in 'Der Freischütz' (Caspar), Gounod in his 'Faust', and Wagner in his 'Overture to Faust,'" to mention a few instances. Again, I ask them, "Have you noticed that Hungarian airs commence on the down beat, or first of the bar, Wagner's later melodies and subjects doing the same?"

In pursuance of this system, if a pupil were studying Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat, I should desire to find out his conception of the movement following the funeral march written on the death of a hero. I should ask, "What moved him to introduce this light and almost frivolous theme so close upon the footsteps of the mourners?" In many instances the pupil might be young and happy enough not to have thought out such a problem, but the more experienced mind, and one to whom music has many things to say, will see that Beethoven only depicts the giddy world which goes on amusing itself in an unceasing whirl of gayety in spite of death and even irreparable loss. In the concluding movement of the Chopin sonata containing the funeral march there is much to be thought out and studied; but only the most ad-

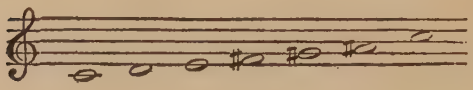
vanced pupils would be capable of giving it any meaning, and only *one* player[1] that I have heard has succeeded in giving an absolutely perfect rendering of what must be the whistling wind sweeping the hurrying clouds before the face of the moon and lashing the trees in relentless fury, then moaning itself away like a restless spirit.

Questions would naturally arise suggested by the work in hand, and some of those connected with time and rhythm might not be out of place here—such as: "Where does the accent fall in the waltz—that is, on what part of the measure? Where, in the mazourka? polka?" Again, "Why are so many compositions written in three-fourth time and called waltzes, found to be impossible as dance music?" If the pupil can tell me that the *spirit* of the waltz with the sentiments and feelings which it inspires in the dancers is as much a part of the composition as the dancing *motif*, it is safe to believe that the Chopin waltzes and mazourkas will receive an intelligent interpretation.

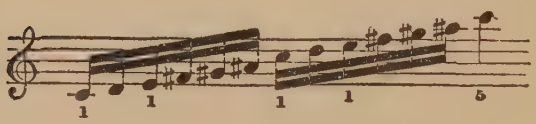
A favorite theoretical question of mine is, "Don't you think the ear could be made

[1] De Pachmann.

to accept and even like a scale all the intervals of which are whole steps—thus:



instead of the diatonic scale, where the interval from the third to the fourth and the seventh to the eighth is a half-step?" The invariable answer is "No." "Now play it fast, fingering it as marked."



This pleases better. "Yes, I rather like it." This leads to an explanation of the construction of the Scotch and even the Chinese scales, perhaps branching into a description of the Gregorian tones. One can pursue the subject as far back as the old modes of the ancient Greeks with their quarter tones or steps, although we are daily getting further and further away from these delicate distinctions. Good

violinists have told me that they no longer make any difference in stopping the G sharp and A flat, C sharp and D flat, and the other enharmonic intervals, and one cannot but feel that these finer subdivisions will soon become lost to art. Everything that can interest or stimulate the curiosity of a pupil or tend toward enlarging the scope of his musical ideas is valuable, and while the fingers are resting, the head may work with those finer tools, which together produce an intelligent and finished result.

Another interesting but more intricate study would be following the different modulations of a composition, for instance: Chopin's Nocturne G major, Op. 37, No. 2, or the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53.

I advise my pupils to hear as much good singing and as many operas as possible. The ear cannot be better trained than by this means. To hear such an artist as Jean de Reszke phrase and enunciate in the "Salut!" cavatina of the garden scene in Gounod's "Faust," or to be able to recall one's impressions on hearing, and I may add seeing, Nilsson and Campanini in the duo of the fourth act of the "Huguenots"

with all its conflicting emotions of love, honor, and despair, is an education in itself. I know that it has influenced my own powers of interpretation, and I look back upon the seventy or more operas that I have heard, with frequent repetitions, in my lifetime, as being one of the sources from which I have drawn my musical education. I include in this advice all good orchestral concerts where standard works are played, leading my pupils to mark that in all the classical compositions every note is audible and is given to the right instrument—fewer instruments producing by this means as grand an effect as double the number in a more modern work, where a host of players are uselessly spending their strength upon passages which are entirely overpowered by the heavier brass of the present-day orchestra. All this head-knowledge will be sure to come out at the finger-ends. Those great pianists who can charm their hearers by their interpretations can be quickly counted, while those who excel in digital dexterity alone are as innumerable as the stars of the firmament.

The Philharmonic Society of New York desires to express its respect and friendship for the late Richard Hoffman, a pianist of distinguished ability and for forty-five years an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society. He appeared on more than thirty different occasions as soloist at the concerts of the Association.

His last appearance was at the Festival Concerts of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Philharmonic. Mr. Hoffman was born in Manchester, England, on May 24th, 1831, and came to America in 1847. He died August 17th, 1909.

Memorial Notice of the Philharmonic Society in the concert-programme of January 20, 1910.

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